

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 7, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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*Model HVE. • Features include 8 track cartridge player, auto-reverse, 40 dB dynamic range, and 100% automatic stop. © 1980 Sony Electronics Corporation.

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We decided it was time we had a slogan that lives up to our oil.

Until Mobil 1 came along, few people dreamed a motor oil could save gas. Then suddenly, here was this incredible synthetic oil that not only gave the average car up to 10 extra miles per tankful of gas, but did it immediately (some test cars got clear up to 27 extra miles per tankful!)

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Now you see why we changed our slogan. With Mobil 1, saving gas is just the beginning.

Mobil 1 The oil that does it all

"Call long distance



We just helped make Billy Watson's energy future a little brighter.

Billy Watson's house is nice and comfortable these days. It's lighted at night, heated in the winter, even air-conditioned in the summer. Because there is enough energy available to do all these things.

But there are those who say that unless new sources of energy are found, all that could change. Some people even suggest that we could run short on energy before Billy graduates from high school.

Right now the people of Phillips Petroleum are doing everything we can to make sure that unlikely event never happens.



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In New Mexico we've recently discovered important new deposits of uranium ore.

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Core samples from lignite and deposits are tested here for the service.

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So even though this country's petroleum reserves are dwindling, that doesn't mean our energy future is dark.

By conserving our remaining petroleum resources, using them wisely, and continuing to search for new sources of energy, the future can still be bright. Not just for our children. But for their children. And their grandchildren, as well.

Discovering new energy resources for the future. That's performance. From Phillips Petroleum.



The Performance Company

Most bourbon ads appeal to your senses.

This one appeals to your reason.

Bourbon is a pleasure. No doubt about it.

But when it comes to enjoying a truly fine bourbon like Walker's DeLuxe, pleasing the senses is only half the story.

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The other half is common sense. We suggest you take a *full half hour* to enjoy a Walker's DeLuxe.

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We think it's the time necessary to appreciate and savor all the smoothness Walker's DeLuxe gives you.

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We age Walker's DeLuxe a full eight years to achieve a richness and well-rounded flavor that's hard to find elsewhere.

The result? Walker's DeLuxe is a bourbon that yields enjoyment. It is well worth taking the time to savor.

Perhaps you will drink less Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon in the process, but you'll get more drop for drop pleasure when you do drink it.



WALKER'S DE LUXE BOURBON

AGED **8** YEARS



via satellite? GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

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How in the world are we going to meet this enormous demand?

One of the answers: satellites.

They're actually being used right now to transmit long-distance calls—the signals being sent and received from places called earth stations.

And they'll be used more and more in the future, as long-distance calls get greater and greater in volume.

Presently, we're participating in the use of two communications satellites. And each one of them can handle 18,000 long-distance calls at once.

That ought to keep you talking for a while.



Communications/Electronics/Lighting/Precision Materials

How to get the seven things Kodak® leaves out of their top XL sound movie camera. For about the same price.

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1. *Viewing through the lens that's taking the picture.* With the XL-660, you see exactly what the film sees all the time. So you're not likely to cut off people's heads in close shots. And in group shots, you'll always be sure that you've got everybody you want in the picture.

2. *Close-ups right up to the front of the lens.* The XL-660 gives you magnificent close-ups of objects as small as flowers and coins. Great for interesting titles—using postcards, for instance.

3. *Professionally smooth power zooms from 7.5mm wide-angle to 45mm telephoto.* That's a 6-to-1 zoom range. And it's electric, so all you do is push one button to zoom in or out.

4. *Automatic fade-in and fade-out of both picture and sound.* Another feature that

contributes to professional-looking movies. Just push a button.

5. *Sound recording up to 50 feet away without wires between camera and subject* with the XL-660's FM wireless microphone kit.*

6. *Recording from a second microphone,* phonograph, tape recorder or TV directly onto your sound track. A special attachment* lets you mix sounds from two sources. Not available from Kodak. Not even as an option.

7. *Boom or zoom mikes to capture far-away sounds.* The XL-660 system has two special-purpose microphones: a zoom mike* that can be removed from the camera and used handheld. And a boom mike* to follow distant sounds.

Now that you know the difference in features, you should really compare the Minolta XL-660 and the similarly priced Kodak in person at your photo dealer. You'll see and feel the total difference between them.

For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

*Optional extra-cost accessories (shown) at a registered trademark of the Eastman Kodak Company.

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Let's get down to essentials. Early Times and soda. Or Early Times and water. With nothing between them but a few icy cubes.

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Early Times. Mix it up or keep it straight. To know us is to love us.

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We'll fly you to 80 cities... and make you feel at home on the way!

We learned a lot about people in the hometowns when we grew up. We learned about caring for friends and neighbors. And to help them when they needed help.

In our early days, friends and neighbors helped us get started. And as we grew, we took along those hometown values.

Today, we're a big airline, flying one of the world's largest commercial jet fleets. We cover a lot of territory, flying 11 million people between 80 North American cities. (And if you add the 12 independent Allegheny Commuter Air Lines, the totals would be 12½ million people and 117 cities.)

Our flight crews and ground personnel make you feel at home. Their professionalism ranks among the highest in the industry.

Yet along with our size and efficiency goes something uniquely Allegheny: Our hometown touch. A neighborly readiness to do our best for you.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

CHRISTY MATHEWSON'S BOOK IS BACK, AFTER 65 YEARS OF GATHERING DUST

It has been a notable season for baseball, and for baseball books as well. First came Roger Angell's *Five Seasons* and Roger Kahn's *A Season in the Sun*. And now we have a wholly unexpected bonus: Christy Mathewson's *Pitching to a Pinch* (Stein and Day, hardcover \$10, paperback \$3.95).

Yes, Christy Mathewson. In the winter of 1911 and 1912, Mathewson, with the considerable assistance of a newspaper syndicate operator named John Wheeler, wrote a series of articles about "Baseball from the Inside." In 1912 they were collected under the title *Pitching to a Pinch*, but like most sporting ephemera, the book vanished into the dusty corners of library shelves and old men's memories.

That is where it would have stayed had not a couple of New York baseball writers,

Neil Office and Vic Zogek, stumbled upon a catalog card for it in the central-reading room of the New York Public Library. They asked to see the book, with this result:

"Up from the bowels of the library on a creaky dustbin came *Pitching to a Pinch*. No bulpen gone ever swung open to offer more. The cover was dusty, the pages yellowed, some of them breaking off at the touch. But there, neither yellowed nor crumbling, but real as life was Matty Aard McGraw. And Merkle. And Marquard. And . . ."

What they had discovered was an authentic piece of baseball nostalgia, and it is our luck that they persisted in seeing to its republication. They say it was three years before the project was completed, but this book justifies their labors. *Pitching to a Pinch* is the real thing: baseball as it really was in the early years of the game, an on-the-spot record of how it was played and who played it that will be treasured by older and younger fans alike.

Among its many virtues, the book is sure to assist the restoration of a great American hero to his proper place in the national consciousness. For all the celebrity of the Ruths, DiMaggios and Aarons who followed him, Mathewson may well be the single most he-

roic figure baseball has known. It's not just that he was arguably the greatest right-handed pitcher in National League history, but that he was, without question, one of those brightly shining figures who all too rarely grace our company.

He was, for one thing, perhaps the handsomest man ever to play the game. Pictures can lie, of course, but the one facing page 16 in this new edition of *Pitching to a Pinch* reveals more than just the rugged good looks that made Mathewson seem, at his time, the very embodiment of the Frank Merriwell legend. It also suggests a grace and gentleness that are almost palpable. That, apparently, was the way Mathewson really was. Among John McGraw's roughhewn Giants, Mathewson was a striking anomaly—gracious, college educated, thoughtful, modest, courteous—yet he had about him no air of sanctimony, self-righteousness or moral superiority. If he was not quite one of the boys, never was he above it all. Baseball was his livelihood, and he played the game fairly but fiercely.

All of which comes through in *Pitching to a Pinch*. The prose is probably more Wheeler's than Mathewson's, but it has the ring of authenticity. As Red Smith says in his in-

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introduction. "Unlike some spoils of later vintage, Wheeler was conscientious enough to consult Matty before putting the pitcher's comments on paper." Additionally, the book is very much of its own time, which enhances both its charm and its plausibility; it is written in the rather stilted sporting prose of the day, and its tone has the innocence and simple joy that then characterized baseball.

Here, for example, is Mathewson on the subject of umpires. "Many times have I, in the excitement of the moment, protested against the decision of an umpire, but fundamentally I know that the umpires are honest and are doing their best, as all ball-players are."

And here, in another passage, is an explanation of the book's title and a quinescent specimen of Wheeler-Mathewson prose style:

"In most Big-League ball games, there comes an inning on which hangs victory or defeat. Certain intellectual fans call it the crisis; college professors interested in the sport, have named it the psychological moment. Big-League managers mention it as the 'break' and pitchers speak of the 'pinch'."

"This is the time when each team is straining every nerve to win or to prevent defeat. The players and spectators realize that the outcome of the inning is of vital importance. And in most of these pinches, the real burden falls on the pitcher. It is at this moment that he is 'putting all he has' on the ball, and simultaneously his opponents are doing everything they can to disconcert him."

His college education notwithstanding, Matty was as superstitious as his simpler teammates. In a chapter called "Jinxes and What They Mean," he says, "A really true, on-the-level, honest-to-jimmy jinx can do all sorts of mean things to a professional ballplayer. I have seen it make a bad pitcher out of a good one, and a blind batter out of a three hundred hitter, and I have seen it make a ball club composed of educated men carry a Kansas farmer with two or three screws rattling loose in his dome, around the circus because he was accompanied by Miss Finkle Fortune. And that is almost a jinx record."

The language is dated but the baseball is not. Every player and every fan today will recognize the basic game situations that Mathewson described three-quarters of a century ago. Throughout the book, Mathewson's baseball is absolutely sound and pertinent to today's game. It proves Roger Angel's point, that "baseball's time is seamless and invisible, a bubble within which players move at exactly the same pace and rhythms as all their predecessors" (*The Summer Game*, page 303).

That's reason enough why *Pitching in a Pinch* reads just about as well in 1977 as it must have in 1912. But what is really likely to draw readers to it now is its sumptuous, its innocence, its heroic demeanor. Matty's bright sun shines.

END

OUR SMOOTH TASTE AND PINPOINT CARBONATION. YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

INQUIRY

The FBI, the New York State Racing and Wagering Board and other agencies are investigating a potentially explosive race-track scandal involving a "ringer" in a case that one tabloid has dubbed the "Belmont 'Sling.'"

Last Sept. 9 a 5-year-old import from Uruguay named Lebon made his first U.S. start in a \$10,500 claiming race at Belmont. Off at 7 to 1, he finished 11th in a field of 12.

On Sept. 23 Lebon was entered in a \$16,000 claiming race at Belmont. The odds were 57 to 1. One bettor, who put down his money at intervals—he kept leaving the window to check the odds board—bet \$1,300 to win and \$600 to show on Lebon, almost half the money that wound up on him in the pari-mutuel pool. A well-known figure at the track, he made all his bets in the grandstand, where he was less likely to be noticed than in the clubhouse, his usual haunt. After a four-length win by Lebon, the bettor collected \$80,440 from a clubhouse cashier, who recognized him.

On Oct. 12 Lebon ran in an allowance race at the Jersey Meadowlands. Off at 15 to 1, Lebon finished fourth in a field of nine.

Last week the New York racing board indefinitely suspended Dr. Mark (Mike) Gerard, 43, a well-known veterinarian whose patients included Rivn Ridge and Secretariat. Gerard, who had imported Lebon from Uruguay, was also identified in press reports as the big bettor in Lebon's 57-to-1 win. Also suspended was Jack Morgan, 32, the owner-trainer of the horse. The board put Lebon under 24-hour guard in Barn 59 at Belmont. The reason: "Lebon isn't Lebon, there was heavy betting by one individual, and the answers given so far have been unsatisfactory."

The stewards started action after a phone call from a Uruguayan journalist who maintained that the horse was Cinzano, a 4-year-old also imported by Gerard. Horsemen in Uruguay agreed. Al-

though the two horses are lookalikes, Uruguayans had reason to recognize Cinzano because of differences in the white stars on the two horses' foreheads: Last year Cinzano was the best horse in Uruguay with six classic wins, including that country's version of the Derby.

New York prohibits vets from owning horses, but Gerard has been active as an agent in buying and selling horses. Last May he bought Cinzano for Top the Marc stable, owned by Joseph Taub, a New Jersey executive, reportedly for \$150,000. Uruguayans say the price was actually \$81,000. Gerard bought Lebon for Jack Morgan, reportedly for \$9,500. Uruguayans say the price was actually \$1,600. Although Lebon has been called "a piece of garbage" in the New York press, he did win his first three races in Uruguay, before losing his appetite and exhibiting a resistance to training. Uruguayans add that an elegant blonde, who identified herself as Mrs. Gerard, showed up in April saying she was Lebon's new owner and that she had bought the horse "to ride him myself and not to make him run races."

On June 11, Cinzano and Lebon were taken to Gerard's farm on Long Island. The next day, Cinzano was reported to have fractured his skull. According to Gerard, he was put down and the carcass sold to a fat renderer. An insurance company paid off on a \$150,000 policy. The speculation is that the dead horse was Lebon and that the classy Cinzano raced under his name.

The Sept. 23 race had five winning \$2 triple tickets in which the first, second and third horses were picked in order. Each of those tickets was worth \$29,885. Len Ragozin, a noted New York horseplayer who cashed in two of those tickets, observes that when Lebon ran in his first race Sept. 9, sudden heavy betting drove the odds down from 50 to 1 to 7 to 1 in the last two minutes before post time. "I think the betting coup was supposed to take place in that first race," Ragozin says.

A BUNCH OF BUMS

Are the winless Tampa Bay Buccaneers so many hamburgers? Yes, sirree, judging by the promotion of the 10 Ponderosa Steak Houses in Western Florida. Every time the Bucs lose, the chain gives away a Buc Burger, fries and a Coke to any kid 12 or under accompanied by an adult who makes a purchase.

Ponderosa's Mike Dixon started dishing out the freebies Sept. 29, and he is absolutely delighted. "I got the idea from the Yankees in New York and the giveaway of French fries with a purchase at Burger King when the Yankees win," Dixon says. "Since the Bucs seemed unlikely to win many this season—though we sure hope they do—we just turned it



around. We even put our chef at one store in a Buc helmet one day of the week."

Is the promotion paying off? "I'll say," enthuses Dixon. "We figure we have given away 8,000 burgers so far, but the promotion, in this time of traditional decline with the tourists not here, has produced a definite increase in sales, because of buying by parents of kids who want a free Buc Burger."

RED ROOSTERS

Ah, those Russians. They have the strongest man in the world, superheavyweight lifter Vasily Alexeyev, and now they are putting the knock on those who develop muscles strictly for show. The newspaper *Sovetski Sport* has com-

continued

denied the network of body-culture clubs that flourishes despite official disapproval. "It does not baffle a man to parade in front of the public flexing his muscles," pronounced Sovetski Sport, flexing its editorial muscles. "Body-builders emerge from the basements. They don't walk. They carry their muscled torsos proudly—self-conscious, self-important, looking like roosters on a promenade."

Eight years ago the paper launched its first attack on "the Trojan horse of culturism," and in 1973 the Soviet Sports Ministry declared private body-building clubs alien to the Soviet concept of sport. Still, the clubs, bearing such names as Muromets (after a legendary Russian strong man), Narcissus and Hercules, flourish.

The current attack came about after Vladimir Burilov, nicknamed "Unique," a member of the Muromets club in Moscow, killed a drunk who had wandered into a room frequented by Muromet members by first pressing a 90-kilogram barbell against his throat and then battering him with a 30-kilogram dumbbell. Apparently the drunk had interrupted Burilov's nap. Earlier, Burilov had attacked his twin brother with a hammer in an argument over who should wash the dinner dishes, and his grandmother complained that "ever since taking up body-building six years ago, all he has done is to stand in front of the mirror all day and flex his muscles. It is disgusting to look at him." A court pronounced Burilov insane, and he is now in a psychiatric institution.

This incident prompted Sovetski Sport to deduce that body-building "stupifies boys no less than does alcohol.... There are very many unbalanced persons among them and almost everyone seems to adore himself." What's more, body-builders keep pictures of their American counterparts, who are reported to "talk about homosexuality quite freely, as if it is something quite natural."

To remedy the situation, Sovetski Sport vigorously recommends that "athletic gymnastics," which promote "muscle strength combined with agility, endurance and swiftness, the ingredients of almost all dynamic sports," be taken up instead. But, the paper admits, there is a shortage of both gyms and coaches, and as a defiant Vladimir Shebov, manager of the Narcissus club told the paper, "I'm afraid that because of your articles our studio will be closed down. But you can't

help reckoning with us. Power is with us. I have only to appear on a beach, and that will be enough to form another studio."

PREDICTING FOOTBALL INJURY

Dr. R. Dean Coddington, a child psychiatrist in New Orleans, and a team of researchers say that serious injuries to high school football players have a definite relationship to the degree of discord in the player's family.

In a paper presented last week at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Child Psychiatry in Houston, Dr. Coddington reported that he had elicited confidential family information from more than 700 New Orleans high school players last year while their coaches kept detailed injury records. One hundred and fourteen of the players were injured, 14 of them seriously, and Coddington says, "Basically, what we found was that the rate of divorce, marital discord, missing parents or recent deaths of a parent was far higher in the players who had suffered serious injuries."

"Depending on the degree of discord which the players had told us by filling out information questionnaires, we could go back and see where we could have predicted the majority of the injuries, especially the serious one."

Coddington concludes, "I can foresee the value of looking into the players' family problems at the start of football season, and for those families in real turmoil recommending counseling... and perhaps in some instances suggesting that a few boys not play."

CAP CAPERS

Snatching the cap off the head of Woody Hayes has gotten to be a national sport. Four years ago TV cameras caught the Ohio State coach taking a roundhouse swing at a fan, who after first calling Hayes an unprintable name, grabbed at his cap following Michigan State's controversial 16-13 win in East Lansing. After this season's loss to Oklahoma in Columbus, Hayes was again shown taking a poke at a Sooner student trainer who tried to snatch the cap.

The trend continued in Iowa City, where an Iowa fan of immense proportions filched Woody's cap at midfield and fled into the stands with it. Early last week Hayes received a letter from Mike Gatens, a 6'5" former Iowa basketball player, who enclosed \$5 for the cap and

explained, "I've always been a Woody Hayes fan, but in my exuberance over homecoming and that last-minute Iowa touchdown, I just lost control."

Hayes was touched. He was also touched in the dressing room at Northwestern, which Ohio State beat 35-15, when a Northwestern student manager asked him for his cap. "I refused," Hayes says, "but I put the cap in full view on a shelf in the dressing room while I went to shower and dress. It was there when I returned. That young man could have taken the cap and didn't. I told him I was testing him and he was a great young man, so I gave the cap to him."

GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

Most of the millions of people who heard Tony Hulman say, "Gentlemen, start your engines," probably were unaware that he had once been a formidable competitor: the nation's top prep school pole vaulter in 1920; the international collegiate high-jump champion in London in 1923; an end on Yale's undefeated football team that same year; and a deep-sea fisherman who captained the U.S. tuna team in 1951. In 1952 Hulman accomplished one of big-game fishing's most celebrated feats by landing, in three successive days off Peru, black marlin of 762, 918 and 937 pounds. The last two were the biggest ever caught in the Western Hemisphere up to that time.

Also remarkable was the House that Hulman Built, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, which, when he bought it in 1945, was a ramshackle ruin after four years of wartime disuse. In 1946 the Indy 500 drew something like 150,000 spectators and the purse was \$115,450. Last spring attendance was more than 300,000 and the purse was \$1,116,807. The ruin had become a model, one of the best-run in sport. What a monument it is to the gentleman from Indiana, who died last week at the age of 76.

THEY SAID IT

• President Carter to Senator Humphrey, who had wondered about the legality of making a \$5 bet by phone with ex-President Ford on the Minnesota-Michigan game: "I will pardon you on that one."

• Dean Chance, former American League pitcher and possessor of a .066 lifetime batting average: "I wish I was still active in baseball. The designated-batter rule was made for me." **END**

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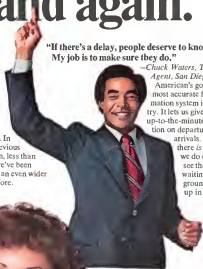
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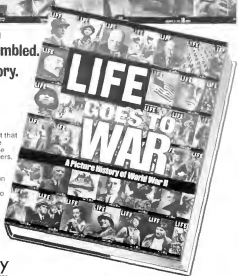
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UPENDING THE UPSTARTS

Unfazed by an earlier loss to the unbeaten Broncos or by the raging football mania in Denver, Oakland ran over its uppity challenger for an easy 24-14 win by **JOE MARSHALL**

The operator answers the phone by saying, "World Champion Oakland Raiders," but for two weeks the greeting had had a hollow ring to it. After all, the Raiders were not even in first place in their division. On Oct. 16 the upstart Denver Broncos, led by their "Orange Crush" defense, had made last season's Super Bowl winners look like the San Pedro Beach Bums while shelling them 30-7. In the process, the Broncos had taken over Oakland's accustomed spot atop the AFC West. But last Sunday in Denver the Raiders rang true. Playing flawlessly and looking very much like world champions, Oakland throttled Denver 24-14. It wasn't that close. Early in the fourth quarter the score was 24-0.

In many ways the game was a mirror image of the one two weeks earlier. That day the home team, Oakland, turned the ball over eight times and repeatedly gave the visitors good field position. This time around it was Denver that gave its faithful—all 75,007 of them—little to cheer about. The Broncos coughed the ball up just three times, but spent most of the afternoon about eight miles from the Oakland goal line because of the Raiders' incomparable locker, Ray Guy, who was virtually a one-man defense. When the Raiders drafted Guy in the first round in 1973, the choice was greeted with skepticism, because nobody had ever spent their No. 1 pick on a punter. Last Sunday he looked like one of the best first-round selections in NFL history.

In the first half Guy kicked off three times and punted four, and only two of the boots were returnable. Denver's Rick Upchurch fumbled the first one, and the Broncos ran the second all the way back to their seven-yard line. Denver's best starting field position in the opening two quarters was its *continued*

The relentlessly pursuing Raiders rudely interrupted the heretofore blissful season of Quarterback Craig Morton



Otis Sistrunk (60) punted the ball loose from Jim Jensen to set up the TD that made the score 17-0

RAIDERS-BRONCOS *continued*

own 22. That was with five seconds left in the half when Guy miscalculated his angle and punted a ball into the sideline stands. The Broncos' longest first-half drive covered 43 yards—which didn't even get them into field-goal range. For their part, the Raiders had to march just 55 yards for their first touchdown and 15, after a Denver fumble, for their second. In between, Errol Mann kicked a 42-yard field goal as Oakland built a 17-0 halftime lead.

Oakland Quarterback Kenny Stabler had berated himself for going to the air too quickly on Oct. 16. "We let the Broncos off the hook," he said before Sunday's game. "We have big men. We should use them to keep pounding away, wearing the Denver defense down. The Broncos play aggressively, and you beat them aggressively. You don't fool them. You go in and bat 'em around."

That's exactly what the Raiders did this time. Oakland stayed on the ground, running the ball on 57 plays, almost twice as many times as it had in the first Denver game. Clarence Davis rushed for 105 yards, most of it behind the Raiders' massive left side of Tackle Art Shell and Guard Gene Upshaw. The AFC's lead-

ing rusher, Mark van Eeghen, added 82 more.

And when the Broncos tried to get aggressive on defense, the Raiders stunned them. Denver had blitzed Stabler dizzy in the first game, forcing him into seven interceptions. Midway through the first quarter Sunday, the Raiders moved the ball to the Bronco 21, where they faced a third-and-six. Denver tried a safety blitz. Stabler saw it coming and posed to a wide-open Cliff Branch at the six for Oakland's first score. Crash went the Orange Crush.

The Broncos did stage a fourth-quarter rally. Quarterback Craig Morton taking them on 80- and 70-yard scoring drives to cut into the Raiders' lead. Though it had no impact on this game, that effort was not for naught. Oakland and Denver are now tied for first place in the AFC West with 6-1 records. The Broncos have the tougher schedule ahead, with games against Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Dallas, but if Oakland and Denver should go undefeated the rest of the way, the division winner would be decided on the basis of the composite score of their two games. By pushing across those two late touchdowns, the Broncos clinched the season's series 44-31.

Still, the defeat was a rude comedown

for the Broncos after a week of Rocky Mountain high. The Raiders' game was the Broncos' 53rd consecutive sellout. They sell more season tickets—73,089—than any other NFL club, but until recently Denver fans spent most of their time sitting on their hands. This season's 6-0 start changed all that.

Colorado Governor Richard D. Lamm declared last Sunday Orange Crush Day in a proclamation full of "Whereas" clauses. You know, "Whereas, Mr. Stabler spent much of the previous contest puzzled about the whereabouts of his offensive line (but constantly aware of the whereabouts of the Denver Bronco defensive line), and Whereas, Mr. Stabler therefore was guided by circumstance to throw numerous passes expeditiously and with considerable talent directly to a Mr. Joe Rizzo, Mr. Louis Wright, Mr. Randy Gradishar, Mr. Paul Smith, and Mr. Billy Thompson; and Whereas, those participants are not on Mr. Stabler's team and..." And so on and so on.

A local radio station distributed 75,000 orange cards at the stadium. They said GO BRONCOS on one side and had an ad on the other. When they were held aloft before the opening kickoff, they turned Mile High Stadium into a veritable orange bowl. Unfortunately, by the middle of the fourth quarter, the dispirited gathering had turned the cards into just a many paper airplanes.

The Orange Crush drink people also capitalized on the excitement. They have been awarding five cases of their product to the outstanding Bronco defensive player each game. Linebacker Bob Swenson has won the award a couple of times and has been busily trying to foist the soda off on anybody who will take it. As one of his teammates said, "Five cases, that's a lifetime supply." Last week a beverage distributor offered Orange Crush T-shirts for sale and managed to unload 30,000 of them, at \$4.50 a pop, in just two days.

All week long the Raiders had seemed monumentally unimpressed by the hoopla surrounding the game. They are not a rah-rah group. Pro football teams frequently take on the character of their coach, and these are clearly John Madden's Raiders. Madden is pragmatic and unflappable. Before the Raiders' first practice last week, the coach gave the team what one of his players described as "quite a talking to." Specifically, Madden discussed the team's two most re-

cent performances, the Denver loss and a 28-27 come-from-behind win over the Jets. "He said we hadn't played up to championship level," said Ushaw. "He said it very, very intensely. We all got the message. He didn't scream. He didn't have to. If he has to scream at us, he seems to know just when to do it. John knows the pressure points of this team. That's why he's been so successful."

Madden has coached Oakland for eight full seasons now, and he has won seven division titles, a conference championship and a Super Bowl. He is just 41 years old. Hardly anyone still believes he is Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis' puppet, but when the NFL's top coaches are listed, Madden is frequently overlooked. Let's see, there's Don Shula, Bud Grant, George Allen, Tom Landry, Chuck Noll, Chuck Knox and, oh yeah, John Madden. Perhaps that's because Madden is too much an unknown pumpkin of a man. Or perhaps he is too low-key. When the Raiders are at home, he will sit down in the press lounge two hours before a game, drink a cup of coffee, watch other NFL games on TV and kibitz with writers. Frequently he tells debunking stories about his coaching prowess, rather than planting self-serving ones as other coaches do. He seems totally unimpressed with his station in life.

Last week Dinah Shore brought a film crew to the Raider practice field to tape a segment for an upcoming show. When a writer asked Madden if she had come to interview him, he burst out laughing at the very thought of it. The writer might as well have asked the Raider hall boy if he was going to start at quarterback against the Broncos. "John Madden is not the kind of guy who gets on Dinah Shore's show," Madden said. "She probably came to see Kenny Stabler." Then, sounding slightly awed, he added, "I saw her though. Bumped right into her as she was coming in." Had she recognized him? "Yeah," he said, obviously pleased "I was real surprised." He really was, too.

Despite Sunday's doubling, the Broncos' playoff hopes are still very much alive. Most of the credit for Denver's improvement has gone to the team's new coach, Red Miller, formerly the offensive coordinator for New England. Last year, led by a defense that allowed less than 15 points a game, the Broncos had a 9-5 record, their best ever. Nonetheless, after the season a group of players, who came to be known as the Dirty Doz-

en, called a press conference to announce that they would no longer play for Coach John Ralston, who, they said, had completely lost touch with his team.

Ralston was a great delegator of authority, a trait the players came to construe as a lack of ability. They whispered that the coach could not even diagram the offense. Whether he could or couldn't, the offense did not work. The rift between the team's offensive and defensive players grew so wide that they avoided one another on the bench during games. "We were frustrated," admits Linebacker Randy Gradishar. "The defense was holding teams down, and then the offense would let them up."

Miller seemed the perfect coach to defuse this situation. In 17 years as an NFL assistant he had established a reputation for building strong offenses and communicating with his players. When he went to the Patriots as offensive coordinator in 1973, he inherited one of football's worst attacks. Last year New England's offense ranked second in the NFL, and the night before the Patriots' playoff game with Oakland, Miller's lieutenants took him to dinner.

The first trade made after Miller took over brought Morton from the Giants in exchange for Quarterback Steve Ramsey and a 1978 middle-round draft choice. It was grand larceny. Morton is currently the AFC's third-ranking passer. Ramsey is selling real estate in Dallas. Morton, who had been unmercifully booed by Giant fans during the 1976 season, is the 26th quarterback to play for the Broncos in 18 years and most of the others have been greeted in the Mevohah. Morton's coming did not arouse that kind of enthusiasm. In fact, he is not yet the darling of the understandably skeptical Denver fans, although it seems likely that he will come closer than any of his predecessors to leading the Broncos to the Promised Land.

Morton never doubted that he would be successful in Denver. Last summer while the local press was still speculating whether he would be the Bronco starter, Morton confidently declared, "This is a place for a veteran who can run a team and lead it to the playoffs, to step in and take over. I can do that." Last week he said, "These players knew when I came here I'd win for them." Apparently they did. Before the start of the season they unanimously elected him offensive captain.



Stabler's game plan called for a ground attack.

At age 34, life has taken several pleasant turns for Morton. In New York, where he had no supporting cast, he was frustrated by conservative game plans and the fans' jeers. The situation got so bad that he finally flashed an obscene gesture at the crowd. Now game plans are no problem. "I always thought that Coach Landry was football's offensive genius," he says. "but I'd have to say that Red Miller is at least tied with him." And next Monday, after Denver's game with Pittsburgh, Morton is getting married to his longtime sweetheart, Susie Surmen. "I don't care how badly I get pounded in the Pittsburgh game," he says beaming from ear to ear. "That day I'll feel great. She's the joy of my life."

In the first Denver-Oakland game, Bronco Linebacker Tom Jackson tried to be the bane of Madden's life. "I know the Raiders like to intimidate the other team, so I wanted to show them that wouldn't work," Jackson says. After almost every play in that game Jackson ran to the Raider sideline and yelled something at Madden. "When I was sure we had the game won, I yelled, 'It's all over, fat man.' I thought he would be angry. Instead he just looked kind of amused."

That's Madden. He knew all along he'd get the last laugh.

END

THEY'RE KICKING UP A REAL STORM

Scoring from midfield has now become almost commonplace in the Southwest Conference, where there is a triumvirate of sharpshooting field-goal artists who boot the ball barefoot, soccer-style and even straight ahead **by JOE JARES**

Texas' Earl Campbell has gained more than 1,000 yards rushing, has led the Longhorns to seven straight victories and to No. 1 in the polls, and is a strong candidate for the Heisman Trophy. The first-string Texas defense has not allowed a touchdown run all season. But some people believe that the most potent weapon in burnt orange is the tall dude with the three shoes and the Marrian surname Erxleben.

Actually the name is German, and Russell Erxleben does not have three feet. On his left foot he wears a regular white football shoe, and on his right, depending on the situation, a regular shoe for punting, or a square-toed one for placekicking, both of which he does exceedingly well.

Last Saturday in Austin's packed Memorial Stadium, Texas beat 13th-ranked Texas Tech 26-0 and took another giant step toward the Cotton Bowl. Campbell rushed for 116 yards against a defense keyed to stop him; the defense, aided by a holding penalty in the second quarter and the fact that injured Tech Quarterback Rodney Allison was in for only four plays, got itself a shutout. And Erxleben, trotting into the game for just 15 plays, was devastating.

He punted five times for a 44-yard average. Two of his six kickoffs landed beyond the end zone. With Texas leading 7-0 near the end of the first half, a Longhorn drive stalled on the Tech 44. Coach Fred Akers sent in Erxleben wearing the placekicking shoe. In the first quarter he had missed a 56-yard field goal into the wind. This time he had the wind with him and he kicked it through the goalposts from 60 yards away.

It seems as if a fellow who can kick 60-yard field goals should be allowed to mail in his extra points, but Erxleben blew the try after Texas' second TD. He made up for it with a 35-yard field goal late in the fourth quarter.

"You know what that guy does to you?" asked Oklahoma Assistant Coach Larry Lacwell, whose Sooners lost to Texas 13-6 as Erxleben made good on at-

tempts of 64 and 58 yards. "He puts you in a goal-line defense on the 50-yard line."

Meanwhile, over in College Station, Texas A&M's Tony Franklin was helping the Aggies beat SMU 38-21 by kicking a 54-yard field goal and five PATs (he has not missed an extra point this season). Like Erxleben, Franklin is a junior, but he uses only one shoe. His kicking foot he keeps bare.

And against Rice, senior Steve Little of Arkansas, a sidewinder, kicked field goals of 52, 44 and 29 yards, punted three times for an average of 52.3 yards, and six of his seven kickoffs could not be returned as the Razorbacks won 30-7. Little is a senior and the three field goals brought his career total to 46, five short of the NCAA record.

Just another typical Saturday in the Southwest Conference, which in the last two seasons has produced the five longest field goals in modern NCAA history.

In Texas and Arkansas these days "being in field-goal range" means a team has stepped off its bus outside the stadium. It is such a competitive league for kickers that Tech's Bill Adams, who made 47- and 52-yard field goals against Rice, and Baylor's Robert Bledsoe, who had a 47-yarder against SMU, are considered mere chip-shot specialists.

It was the barefoot booter, Franklin, who last year boomed the opening shot in the long-range barrage. Against Baylor, on a wet field with about a six-mph wind at his back, the Aggie sophomore followed his usual routine. He stared at the maroon spot painted on his white, hard-rubber tee. The holder placed the ball straight up on the tee with the laces facing the goalposts, and Franklin, approaching from the left side like a soccer sidewinder, kicked it through from 64 yards away, an NCAA record. But not for long. A while later Franklin kicked one from 65 yards out. (On the same afternoon, Abilene Christian's Swedish import, Ove Johansson, kicked an NAIA record 69-yarder.)

All told, Franklin made 17 of 26 field-

goal attempts last year and 30 of 32 extra points to rank second in scoring in the SWC. This year he has hit on 11 three-pointers, including four in the final quarter against Texas Tech to give the Aggies a 33-17 come-from-behind win. He has also kicked a 76-yarder in practice.

Last summer Texas' Erxleben, a good friend of Franklin's, ran three or four miles before work and again after work every day, training to top Franklin's distance record. As he ran he kept repeating to himself, "I'm going to get Tony this year. I'm going to run and run until it hurts so bad, but I'm going to get him."

Get him he did five weeks ago, against Rice. With the score 54-7 in the third period and the ball on Texas' 49, Coach Fred Akers called for the punting team but Erxleben persuaded him to try a howitzer-range field goal. Erxleben took off his punting shoe and put on his square-toed placekicking shoe (the toe is tied up slightly to give his kicks more loft). He wanted to get a two-yard margin over Franklin, so he moved the tee one yard farther back than usual, to 67 yards. The ball sailed "dead through the middle" with the help of an eight-mph wind.

Two weeks later it was Little's turn. Against Texas, with a 20-mph wind to his back in the second quarter, he put his size-seven shoe and all his body whip and hip rotation into a kick from his 43 and made it, to tie Erxleben's record. That prompted Erxleben to send a note to Franklin: "Don't you think it's your turn to kick a 67-yarder? Remember, no farther!"

As of last week, all three of the SWC's mustachioed kicking stars were leading their teams in scoring despite such formidable rivals as Campbell at Texas, Ben Cowins at Arkansas and George Woodard at A&M, and all three teams were nationally ranked.

Interestingly, the three kickers took up their shared specialty as more or less a sideline. Little was the star quarterback and cornerback on a state championship team at South High in Shawnee Mission, Kans., a suburb of Kansas City.

"In my opinion, he would be our starting quarterback right now if we had let him do both," said Arkansas Assistant Athletic Director Lon Farrell. "He's a super athlete. You've never seen anything like the guy. You see him throwing on the practice field, you'd think that's our quarterback. Gosh, he can throw the football."

Arkansas' baseball coach tells of the time Little wandered by the campus hall park and stepped into the batting cage for a few cuts. He stunned the coach and everybody else by taking four swings and hitting four home runs.

Little's father, once a fine athlete at Western Illinois, is an oft-transferred sales manager for a tractor company, and Steve spent more than four years of his boyhood in Norway, but his soccer kicking style was not learned in Europe, or even on a soccer field. After his family moved to Kansas, he began watching Kicker Jan Stenerud of the Kansas City Chiefs on TV and identified with him because he was a Norwegian. Little went out and taught himself the sidwinding style.

Ersleben, whose father is the postmaster in Seguin, Texas, was a much-sought-after quarterback as well as kicker. In his freshman season at Texas he almost transferred to Baylor because he wasn't being tried at quarterback or tight end (he's 6' 4", 218 pounds). "I didn't know you just kicked," he says. "Sure, I'd seen guys kick in college, but I just figured they played somewhere else, too."

"The first part of my freshman year I missed extra points, missed field goals, and it was terrible. My punting was all right. About halfway through the season I was leading the nation in punting [47.1 yards], but of my last 22 punts, 20 of 'em were into the wind. My average just dipped [down to 41.4].

"Sportswriters were always saying, 'Texas' field-goal kicking presents problems.' Then we played Oklahoma and I think that was the turning point. I made a 43-yarder into an ungodly wind, and when I made that, I just saw the light."

This is how strong his oak of a right leg is. Last year on a field-goal attempt against SMU, the center snap was low and the holder bobbled the ball a bit be-

continued



Texas' Russell Ersleben toes up his toe, while his booming kicks keep Longhorn fans fit to be fed



Steve Little of Arkansas used his self-taught soccer style to equal Erxleben's record of 67 yards

THE KICKERS continued

fore getting it on the tee. Erxleben had already started his approach, had to stop, then just swung the leg when the ball was ready. Good—from 57 yards away.

"Russell has so much raw power and strength, it's unbelievable," says his buddy Franklin.

Franklin, at not quite 5' 9" and "pushing it to get to 170," is the smallest of the three, but he is a compact package of muscle and confidence. Every summer he leads off and plays center field for a fast-pitch softball team, and he is a good enough golfer to have broken 70. As a freshman halfback at Arlington Heights High School in Fort Worth he gained more than 1,500 yards rushing, but his scabbard career ended when he tore ligaments in his left ankle and it was in a cast for six weeks.

"My sophomore year I still couldn't run, and the kicker was having a hard time, so I just started kicking," he says. "My junior and senior years I played flanker and free safety, punted and kicked

off and kicked extra points and field goals."

When he was a sophomore Franklin kicked a city-record 51-yard field goal. The record was broken two years later with a 52-yarder by the star kicker at



In the SWC, kickers may use a battered ball

rival Eastern Hills High School, a German immigrant named Uwe von Schumann, who now is Oklahoma's field-goal specialist.

"Von Schumann didn't kick anything farther than that during the year, and I didn't either," says Franklin. "Then in the playoffs our teams met. On the fourth play of the game I twisted my right ankle and kept it in an ice bucket. Right before halftime the coach said, 'Well, it's fourth down and we've got a little wind, you want to try it?' I said, 'Yes, sir, it's probably the last time I'll have a chance to get my record back.'"

With a sore ankle, Franklin went out and kicked a field goal from 58 yards, not only surpassing von Schumann but setting a state record as well. The Texas high school field-goal record is now 62 yards, held by Russell Whentley from Odessa. "Tony could have kicked 60-yards in high school," says one of the coaches at Arlington Heights. "Every Thursday at the end of workouts we'd finish up with field goals, and Tony would kick 50- and 60-yards. It really gave the team a big lift to see the ball go through."

Franklin first removed his shoe as a 10th grader at Arlington Heights. "I was working out with a shoe and was kicking about 40 yards and I don't know why I did it. I just said, 'Well, I'm going to take my shoe off and see what happens.' Right away I started hitting the ball 50 yards and making the kicks. I stayed with that, wearing a sock, all through high school.

"I wore the sock because I thought it'd sting or my foot would get real cold on a cold day. Then when I came down to A&M it rained for about a week and a half straight, every day, and I got sick of changing socks. One day I said, 'To heck with this.' I took the sock off and started kicking without it and I've been kicking like that ever since. People ask me if I have calluses and all that junk, and I don't. The skin is just as soft on my right foot as it is on my left."

"I like it a lot better because on that slick AstroTurf I was slipping a little bit. Every time I'd take my first step I'd slip, and it would throw me off balance. Ever since I took the sock off I don't have that problem."

So far the foot has not been stepped on, bitten or otherwise harmed, even though Franklin, as the safety on kick-offs, does make an occasional tackle. He

does not do the punting because the Aggies have sophomore David Appleby, who has a 43.7 average. But Franklin insists he will be able to punt in the pros and points out that he had a 40-yard average in high school.

NFL rules will oblige Franklin to wear at least a sock (shoes are not required), but he intends to wear a shoe anyway because placekicking tees are banned in the pros, and he will have to kick balls placed on the turf. If he wore just a sock he could stub or break a toe.

All the college kickers will need to make adjustments when they reach the pros. Without the placekicking tee, they will lose between 10 and 15 yards on their kicks. "It's just like hitting a golf ball," says Kansas City Chiefs Scout Tommy O'Boyle. "You can hit it a lot farther off a tee than off the ground." They also will be aiming at a smaller target. College goalposts are 23' 4" wide (they were widened about five feet in 1959), while in the NFL they are only 18' 6" apart. Then, too, pro linemen are taller on the average than college linemen. Exleiben, along with all the other straight-ahead kickers, will not be able to tie up his toe or wear a square-toed shoe.

Probably the most important rule difference, however, is that in the NFL, after a failed field-goal attempt, the ball goes back to the line of scrimmage, thus discouraging long tries until the final seconds of a game. In college the ball comes out to the 20, and thus missed 60-yarders are the same as long punts—with the exception of coffin corner kicks. There is some sentiment, especially among college coaches who don't have a long-range kicker, to adopt the pro rule. Juniors Exleiben and Franklin are understandably against it, but Little is for it, perhaps because he will be in the pros next season.

There is also a Southwest Conference rule—or policy—that seems to give the kickers an edge. Some rivals would have you believe that they are kicking balls as plump as watermelons, fat balls that recall the day in 1999 when the legendary Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin drop-kicked a 62-yard field goal. These rivals claim kickers in most other leagues have to use the regular game ball that passers prefer. Indeed, the SWC does allow kickers to use a marginally fatter broken-in ball, but it has to be inspected before the game just like the regular ball and may not exceed an inflated pres-

sure of 13½ pounds, a weight of 15 ounces and a circumference at the fattest part of 21½ inches. Both Little and Exleiben prefer to kick the broken-in ball.

"Because it's been roughed up, the ball gives you a better 'grip' when you hit it," says Exleiben. "The managers put the ball into the game on kicks. They goofed it up once. I turned back to the 1c and I said, 'Hey, that isn't the ball I want to kick.' And he said, 'Oh, I've seen you kick. You can make it with anything.' It was a 44-yarder. I'm not blaming the ball, but I missed it. It might have affected my concentration, but really there's no excuse on something that short."

That short? Well, maybe Exleiben is right. Fats in the Southwest may be getting a bit jaded. "The last few weeks I have seen Little, then Franklin, then Exleiben, then Exleiben and Little," said the *Arkansas Gazette's* Jim Bailey recently. "Anything short of 50 yards and I just don't pay any attention. Those are like extra points."

"Yes, people are getting spoiled," says Little. "They get used to seeing such great kickers. Once we're all gone, they'll have to go back to the old expectations."

Not necessarily. In Fort Worth, Franklin's little brother Eric, an eighth grader, has already kicked a 35-yard field goal in practice. Wearing a shoe. **END**

The barefoot best of Texas: A&M's Tony Franklin is 85 yards. But Exleiben has asked him to do better.



IS IT DAFT-OR DEFT-TO DRAFT?

On the eve of the second free-agent draft, it's time to assess the performances of last year's selectees. Cleveland, for one, got mixed results **by LARRY KEITH**



All right, everyone, take your places. Baseball is holding its second reentry draft this week, and we want a graduation picture of the first class of free agents. Taller players, stand in the back; you shorter guys, stand in the front. No, Reggie, you can't stand on your wallet. Always causing trouble. Hey, somebody wheel Rudi and Grich into place. Poor guys. Tenace, you showed a lot of guts coming here after the season you had. We appreciate it. C'mon, Fuentes, take the hot dog out of your mouth. Incidentally, fellows, Dick Allen hasn't come out of the shower yet, so he won't be joining us. Look this way now, and everybody say, 'Greenbacks.' " Click.

And what a handsome photograph they would make, those 24 men who signed with 15 teams for \$24.57 million in long-term contracts and bonuses. When representatives of the 26 major league clubs gather at the Plaza Hotel in New York on Friday, they will closely examine a mental picture of this group and consider well the lessons it represents. Only then will they venture into the reentry market again, where about 85 more free agents are anxiously waiting to be drafted, courted and signed.

If the owners chase after them with less enthusiasm than they showed last year, it will be understandable. While, as a group, the first free agents played quite well, most of them did not bring the instant success and box-office riches that some club executives naively expected. National League champion Los Angeles and American League West winner Kansas City did well without any free agents. NL East leader Philadelphia had a free agent in First Baseman Richie Hebner, but he was not essential to the club's

A \$2 million winner last winter, Wayne Garland was a 19-game loser last summer for the Indians

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY FORD

success. On the other hand, the New York Yankees won the American League pennant and the World Series with major contributions from Reggie Jackson and Don Gullett. Among the free agents, Jackson was the most obnoxious personality and the most productive hitter (286, 32 home runs, 110 RBIs), and Gullett was the most successful pitcher (14-4).

There were some other fine performers. The Fireman of the Year in both of the leagues—Bill Campbell of Boston and Rollie Fingers of San Diego—came out of the reentry draft. So did the two Comeback Players of the Year, Chicago's Eric Soderholm, who did not play at all in 1976, and San Francisco's Willie McCovey, who did not play at all well. Meanwhile, hot-dogger Tito Fuentes batted .309 for Detroit, newcomer Paul Dade hit .291 for Cleveland, and Doyle Alexander was 17-11 for Texas. Others, like Montreal's Dave Cash, Milwaukee's Sal Bando, Texas' Campy Campaneris and Atlanta's Gary Matthews, played pretty much to form. In fact, only a few of the free agents fell far short of expectations, notably Gene Tenace of San Diego, who had a .233 batting average and was a disappointment behind the plate, Pitcher Wayne Garland of Cleveland, who was 13-19, and Designated Hitter Don Baylor of California, who did not start to produce until the Angels were so far out of the race that it didn't matter anymore. California also lost Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich in June to season-ending injuries. Oakland's Dick Allen departed in June, too. He was permanently suspended by owner Charlie Finley after Finley discovered Allen taking a malpractice shower.

Critics of the teeny draft invariably cite fifth-place California as proof that the system does not work. "The draft is not the answer," says Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith, whose team mounted a serious challenge without making use of it. "Look at [Angel owner] Gene Autry. He got taken." Baltimore General Manager Hank Peters says, "I don't like to name clubs, but California signed good players it didn't particularly need." Angel GM Harry Dalton counters, "If you



Bargain baby Paul Dade's loud mouth was quickly forgotten when he became a big hit in Cleveland

exercise good judgment, the draft can help, and I think we exercised good judgment. Before they got hurt, Grich and Rudi were doing a line job, and Baylor finished close to his best performance in several categories."

Still, despite the success of New York and the improvement of Boston and Texas, which finished second in the two American League divisions, the free agents did not provide the overall competitive lift that teams were seeking. Clubs like the White Sox and the Orioles made unexpected pennant bids with economy-model free agents whom nobody else particularly wanted. And free-agent-laden teams like Cleveland, Texas, California and San Diego got off to such bad starts that their managers were fired. According to Milwaukee President Bud

Selig, "It is clear that you can't build a team through the free-agent draft. You can add to a team, you can fill in, but if your club is lousy to begin with, it's not going to make it great."

No team understands the lessons of the system better than Cleveland, whose experiences with Garland and Dade provide the year's most interesting case study. Last fall, following their first winning season in eight years, the Indians decided they were only a player or two away from being a contender in the Eastern Division of the American League. Even though Cleveland had not won the pennant since 1954 and was saddled with a \$5.5 million debt, President Ted Bonda jumped into the free-agent pool. The Indians signed Garland, a 27-year-old righthander who had just won 20 games

continued

for Baltimore, and then added Dude, a 25-year-old infielder-outfielder who had been the Pacific Coast League's batting champion with a .363 average. Cleveland gave Garland an unprecedented (some said foolish) 10-year, \$2.3 million contract and Dude a two-year deal for \$93,000. Early in the '76 season the Orioles had rebuffed Garland's request for a \$30,000 salary—he was then making \$23,000—while all Dude had wanted from the California organization was the \$19,000 big league minimum. They held out, and it paid off.

Bonda admits that Cleveland was "shooting craps," but he insists, "We had to make it this year to be economically viable. The fans were getting disgruntled and discouraged, and we wanted to tell them we were doing everything we possibly could to make us a winner. So we had to make a business judgment aimed at a short-term gain. I thought we already had the nucleus of a good team and that Garland and Dude would be the frosting we needed. We figured that if we stayed in the race we would draw 1.4 to 1.5 million spectators, and we would make money."

It did not work out that way. The Indians got off to a slow start, fired Manager Frank Robinson and did not improve under his replacement, Jeff Torborg. They finished fifth, 28½ games behind the Yankees, and their attendance fell from 948,776 to 900,365, the lowest in Cleveland since 1973 and among the worst in baseball. The dice had come up snake eyes.

Much of the blame for the team's failure has been directed at Garland. He had been the Indians' first selection in the re-entry draft, and the contract they gave him was second in total value only to the \$2.9 million for which George Steinbrenner signed Jackson. Cleveland General Manager Phil Seghi considered Garland a "career pitcher" who, with Dennis Eckersley, would give the Indians the nucleus of a strong staff for perhaps a decade to come.

Cleveland had not been Garland's first choice, or his second, or even his third. He had hoped to get a five-year, \$1 million contract to play in Boston, California, Texas or New York, but none of those franchises showed much interest in him. When his agent, Jerry Kapstein, told him that Cleveland was offering more than twice what he had hoped for,

Garland was flabbergasted. In fact, it was so much money that for tax purposes he declined to take a \$300,000 signing bonus and told the Indians to dole out the amount piecemeal in his salary checks. Instead, he took only enough cash up front to make a down payment on a 12-room, \$150,000 home in a Cleveland suburb. He was now making \$230,000 a season (10 times his Baltimore salary), and he would continue to make it unless he did something crazy, like injure himself sking, skydiving or performing some other risky stunt specifically prohibited by his contract. Garland remembers that

soon after he signed, "I called my mother and told her, 'Mom, I didn't get my million.' And she said, 'Well, son, money isn't everything.' Then I said, 'No, I got two million!'"

After just three major league seasons—only one of them with a winning record—Garland had struck it rich. Now all he needed to do was deliver his sinker and slider in the same smooth, compact motion and with the same stunning success he had achieved with the Orioles in '76.

Garland could not do it. In spring training he developed a sore arm and spent 2½ weeks throwing at a picture of a truck late on the outfield wall of Tueson's Hi Corbett Field to get back into shape. When the season began, he says, "I wanted to impress people too quickly, and I tried to rush my development." Instead, all he did was pitch terribly and enrage Cleveland fans.

Among them was a man from Warren, Ohio who wrote the pitcher a letter in mid-June that said, "Your performance for our team is a disgrace. To say the least, I am sure your teammates must feel an equal degree of disgust with your pitching to date. They, however, are not free to say what others say. Only you know how you rest with your conscience after pulling this dirty trick on Cleveland."

And there were the taunts from the stands. Garland heard one kid say, "I don't want that guy's autograph. He ain't worth a damn." One man called him a bum for an entire game, and Garland says he would have gone into the stands after him had Torborg not talked him out of it.

Garland realizes that he was not the pitcher he should have been. "There were one or two times that I thought maybe I was lousy," he says, "that maybe last year had been a fluke." But he also knows that the criticism and pressure were magnified by his contract. "Everywhere I went, everyone I saw talked about the money. People must think they dropped it all on a table and said, 'Have fun, don't spend it all in one place.' What they don't realize is, with the way things are going in baseball, I could be underpaid in 10 years. And if this club folds, I wonder if I'll be left out in the cold."

For a while, Garland seemed to be overpaid. Four times teams rallied to beat him in the last three innings. And he beat

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

So you want to hire a free agent? Based on the records of the 1977 free agents, who are ranked here according to the per annum value of their contracts, this is what you may have to pay for each hit, win or save.

THE HITTERS

	Ave.	HR	RBI	\$ per hit
Jackson, Yankees	286	32	110	3,867
Radi, Cal.	264	13	53	6,531
Mathews, Atl.	283	17	64	2,389
Cash, Mont.	289	0	43	1,660
Grieh, Cal.	243	7	23	7,045
Bondo, Milw.	250	17	82	1,939
Bayler, Cal.	251	25	75	1,891
Tenace, S.D.	233	15	61	2,598
Companien, Tex.	254	5	46	1,843
Holmes, Phil.	285	18	62	1,475
Fuentes, Det.	309	5	51	474
McCovey, S.F.	280	28	86	672
Allen, Oak.	240	5	31	1,463
Soderholm, W. Sox	280	25	67	465
Smith, Balt.	215	5	29	633
Dade, Clev.	291	3	45	347
Nordbrook, W. Sox				
Toronto	193	0	2	1,875
Stiltman, W. Sox	210	3	13	1,200

THE STARTERS

	W	L	ERA	\$ per win
Gullett, Yankees	14	4	3.58	22,619
Garland, Clev.	13	19	3.60	16,808
Alexander, Tex.	17	11	3.65	9,363
Stone, W. Sox	15	12	4.51	4,000

THE RELIEVERS

	G	W	L	\$ per save
Fingers, S.D.	78	8	9	9,486
Campbell, Bos.	69	13	9	6,774



Check which car you think is which and compare your answers with those at the bottom of the page.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
GRANADA ESS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
MERCEDES-BENZ 280 SE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

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Which is the impressive new \$20,000 Mercedes-Benz?

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himself, too, losing one game on a wild pitch in the ninth and another on a wild pitch and a home run in the last inning. But as the season progressed he began to pitch better. Although he won only six of his last 15 decisions, his ERA in his last 16 starts was 2.63. He finished the year among the league's top five pitchers in starts, innings and complete games and with a 3.60 ERA. By his reckoning, he had done his job.

"All I wanted to do was be recognized as a consistent pitcher," Garland says, "and I feel I was that. There is no doubt in my mind that my record should have been a lot better than it was. In the second half of the season I pitched as well as, or perhaps better than, I did last year. Maybe now people can say I'm not such a bad pitcher after all." Did the money make the abuse more tolerable? "Even though I feel I did the right thing for me and my family, I'd like to forget this year," says Garland. "But I know I never will."

Paul Dade will remember 1977, too, but for very different reasons. In seven previous professional seasons he had consistently pounded minor league pitching for high averages, but in 24 major league games he had batted an unimpressive .179. Although he was California's first-round draft choice in 1970, the Angels had no intention of bringing him up to the majors in '77. And when his name was put before the other 23 teams in last year's reentry draft, the Indians were the lone club to select him and make a serious bid for his services. Oakland also drafted Dade, but the A's were not really interested in signing him. Under the reentry rules, which are designed to ensure competitive bidding for all free agents, Oakland's lack of fervor once again made Dade available to all teams. The White Sox offered a one-year contract and bonus of \$40,000, but they gave no guarantee that he would make the club. Only the Indians agreed not to send him back to the minors without his consent.

Teams were unwilling to commit themselves to Dade because he was thought to be a disciplinary problem. He came by the reputation early, drawing two fines in his very first week as a professional with Idaho Falls—one for missing the bus on a road trip, the other (shades of Dick Allen) for showering while a game was still under way. There

were also his bad credit rating and his penchant for speaking loudly in his own behalf, even if no one particularly cared to listen. He might have been considered a smaller risk if he had had some major league success and, as one Indian official suggests privately, if he had not been black.

Dade himself wonders why it took so long for him to get his chance. He figured he was ready for the big leagues as soon as he completed high school in Seattle. Before the Angels drafted him, they tested their prospect by making him bat against a 6' 5" pitcher from their Triple A team. According to Dade, "I took him out of the yard to all fields." So when he failed to reach the majors, he decided, "Somebody in California must have said something against me. But it wasn't right. I busted my butt in this game. I always knew I could do the job, and the setbacks just put more fight in me. I'd see other people being brought up, and I'd say, 'What's going on here?' When the Angels sent me down in 1976, I cried. And when that season ended I cried again—from happiness—because I knew that now somebody had to give me my chance."

The man who did was Seghi. "Dade can throw, run and hit," the general manager says. "When he became available, I was interested. I felt strongly that he had not been given the opportunity he deserved. I can relate to a player sitting on the bench, making big noises. He can get a reputation."

When Dade signed, he celebrated at his home in Renton, Wash. by drinking a lot of Michelob and promising his wife that this time he was definitely going to make it. Now he admits that "maybe the beer made me boast," but he kept his word. He emphatically fulfilled the pledge he made to himself that he would "show the people what they been missing." After a month of coming off the Cleveland bench, he was promoted to regular status on May 11. At the end of June he was batting .350, second in the league to Rod Carew. He ended the season with a .291 average, third highest on the team, and he proved himself remarkably versatile, starting at all three outfield positions, at third base and as the designated hitter. He batted everywhere in the order except ninth. A severely bruised thigh muscle prematurely ended his season on Sept. 25, but when he returns next

year, Torborg hopes to play him in right field and bat him second.

In keeping with his personality, Dade managed to draw attention to himself in other respects than his fine play. He chose his uniform number, 00, he says, to represent his anonymity when compared to most of the free agents. He was also frequently found guilty by the Indians' Kangaroo Court for hot-dogging and fraternizing with the opposition. "I guess Paul is what you'd call a bithe spirit," says Torborg. "It just took a while for everybody to understand him."

In fact, Dade is quite easy to understand once his insecurity is recognized. It is as obvious as the number on his back. Even now he says, "I'm scared. They might not want me after next year." Dade will probably worry about that all winter, at least when he is not sitting in his new reclining chair in his new house, watching football games on his new 25-inch color television set. Now that Dade has made the big leagues and paid his bills, he figures he can start to enjoy life a little. "I've finally come through the door," he says.

Bonda claims he does not regret signing either of the two free agents. "Absolutely, I'd do it again," he says. "Dade had a fine season, and Garland was the backbone of the staff, even if he didn't have the won-lost record to show for it. This team may still be ready to blossom. If we become a contender any time in the next five years, it will still be worthwhile."

Despite Bonda's optimism, Cleveland's experience with Garland and Dade will not be lost on the other 25 clubs in this week's draft. Some will be hesitant because they fear they could be squandering their investment on a 19-game loser. Others will be bold because 291 hitters are hard to come by at any price these days. And a large number will not sign anybody because they think there are better uses for their money. Prominent in this group are the two expansion teams, Seattle and Toronto. Lou Gorman, the Mariners' director of baseball operations, says, "Rather than sign one guy for a million and a half dollars, we would prefer to sink the money into a farm and scouting system and perhaps develop two or three star-class players of our own for the same amount of money."

continued

Surprisingly, one of the teams that will be active is Kansas City, even though the Royals stood pat during last year's draft and repeated as division champions. Owner Ewing Kauffman says it will be different this season because, "Last year we took care of our own. [George Brett and Hal McRae, for example, both signed multi-year contracts valued at more than \$1 million.] Now I believe our guys realize that the players becoming free agents have taken a risk. So I don't think they will be concerned if we have to pay a free agent slightly more than they are receiving. We want to keep improving our club. We'll be bidding."

Kauffman will be glad to hear that the bidding will probably not be as high this year. At least, it will not be if the owners stick to their intention of being more astute about whom they go after and how much they offer. "Much of last year's bidding was created by the impression that if you didn't bid, you were a cheap bum,"

says White Sox President Bill Veech. "Now fans have seen the experience of teams like Milwaukee and California, and they aren't going to exert the same kind of public-opinion pressure."

Another reason for moderation is expressed by San Diego GM Bob Fontaine. "Last year a lot of glamorous players were available," he says. "Now there are a few quality players, but they don't have the known appeal of a Reggie Jackson, Joe Rudi or Rollie Fingers."

Nevertheless, it still takes only two teams to make a bidding war. And as a result, a few players are going to get most of the money, while others will be virtually ignored.

Most of the heavy action will involve the outfielders and pitchers. Among the few catchers available are journeymen like George Mitterwald, who played for the Cubs this season, and the best-known infielder is light-hitting Cleveland Shortstop Frank Duffy. The outfield offers

some particularly attractive possibilities: Larry Hise and Lyman Bostock of Minnesota; Richie Zisk, Oscar Gamble and Ralph Garr of the White Sox; and Dave Kingman of wherever he happens to be at the moment. And then there are Bruce Bochte, who hit .301 for the Indians, and Rick Miller and Elliott Maddox, whose talents were hidden on the Boston and Baltimore benches.

There is no Gullett or Fingers among the pitchers, but there are the Yankees' Mike Torrez and Pittsburgh Reliever Rich Gossage. Those two, along with Hise, Bostock and Zisk, should be the biggest gainers of all, but no owner, not even Atlanta's Ted Turner, is saying out loud what player interests him most. When Turner tampered with Matthews before last year's draft, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn fined him \$10,000. Now acts of loud-mouthed indiscretion could cost \$250,000. Better to keep quiet and save it for your No. 1 draft choice. **END**

DOLLARS AND SENSE

As the 1977 season proved, it is whom you select, not how much you spend, that brings satisfaction from the free-agent draft. Owners and fans should keep that in mind as they look over this random of the best—and worst—of this week's reentry entries.

MILLION-DOLLAR BABIES

If there are any sure bets in the draft, they are these five players, each of whom can expect a contract for between \$250,000 and \$500,000 a year. They just might be worth it:

LYMAN BOSTOCK, Twin outfielder, 27 years old, bats left. A good all-around player who hit .309 in each of his two complete big league seasons. Key '77 stat: .336 batting average.

RICH GOSSAGE, Pirate reliever, 26, throws right. The American League's top fireman in '75 with White Sox, he had 26 saves and a 1.62 ERA with Pittsburgh this season. Key '77 stat: 151 strikeouts in 133 innings.

LARRY HISE, Twin outfielder, 30, bats right. A boss during early years of his career as a National Leaguer, but has matured in five AL seasons into a solid run producer. Key '77 stat: league-leading 119 RBIs.

MIKE TORREZ, Yankee pitcher, 31, throws right. Has won 53 games the last three seasons and had two victories in this year's World Series. Key '77 stat: 17 complete games.

RICHIE ZISK, White Sox outfielder, 28, bats right. One of the most consistent hitters in baseball, coming off his best home-run (30) and RBI (101) season. Key stat: .297 career average.

OVERPRICED AT ANY PRICE

These players would like no-trade, no-cut, long-term, big-money contracts, but don't deserve them:

DAVE KINGMAN, Met outfielder, Padre infielder, Angel and Yankee DH, 28, bats right. Hits the ball high, wide and seldom. Catches it occasionally. Key stat: 853 strikeouts in 2,648 career at bats.

MIKE MARSHALL, Ranger reliever, 34, throws right. Injuries have diminished his skills, but not the sourness of his disposition. Key '77 stat: 4.71 ERA.

BILL MELTON, Indian infielder, 32, bats right. Former home-run champ who now has a lead bat to go with his iron glove. Key '77 stat: 0 homers.

BARGAINS FROM THE BASEMENT

Available for much lower salaries, all they want is the chance to show what they can do, and their '77 performances say they deserve it:

ORLANDO GONZALEZ, minor league outfielder, 25, bats left. Former NCAA Player of the Year who has hit .300 in three straight minor league seasons. Key '77 stat: 145 hits in 132 games.

MARIO GUERRERO, Angel infielder, 28, bats right. California doesn't like his attitude, but he has developed into a solid .284 hitter. Key '77 stat: 69 hits in 86 games.

ELLIOTT MADDOCK, Oriole outfielder, 25, bats right. If his shaky knee holds up, he should be solid at bat, in the field and on the bases. Key '77 stat: one error in 100 chances.

Panasonic introduces 24 ways to get hi-fi without the hassle.

Instead of a degree in engineering and a numbered Swiss bank account, now all you need to get great sound is Panasonic Matched Components. All the hi-fi components you'd ever want to match. Already matched.

There are four AM/FM stereo receivers, including two with built-in 8 track. One with built-in cassette with Dolby® (shown below). And all with plenty of power. Three systems with 12 watts and one with 25 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 40Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion.

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Duo-Cone headphones



Thrusters. For an extra thrust of bass.

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This is just one of them.



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just slightly ahead of our time.

STEP RIGHT UP AND TAKE A WHIRL

Here it is, gentlemen, your chance of a lifetime, your dream come true, a pro golf circuit where even you can win. Come on, gentlemen. Step right up by **BOB DRUM**

If everyone eligible to compete in a PGA tournament showed up to play, it would look like Times Square on New Year's Eve. There are 450 card-carrying eligibles who can appear at any tournament. Yet most events provide for only 156 golfers. That is bad enough, but with more players coming out of college each year and more assistant professionals eager to try the tour, a second circuit (or even a third and a fourth) may be needed to ease the crush.

From last January until April, when it ran out of cash, the American Golf Tour, founded by Eddie Susalla, gave the young pros hope. So anxious were they to compete that when this "mini-tour" floundered, the players pooled their money to eke out another month of play. The caravan stalled on a May afternoon in Missouri when a tornado interrupted play, and the AGT died the following week in Indiana.

In contrast, J.C. Goosie's Space Coast mini-tour has endured and been financially successful. Instead of having pros waste money hopscotching across the country, Goosie, a former PGA tour regular, decided in 1973 to schedule weekly events on the public and private courses in and around Orlando, Fla. Goosie began his fifth season on Oct. 24, his tournaments will run until mid-March. Goosie has produced such a golden egg that another old pro, Doug Ford, plans to go into the same business in the same area this month. Already well established in the Southwest is the National Golfers of America, which is currently holding tournaments in Scottsdale. Its tour concludes in February. Just getting underway is the circuit sponsored by the PGA of America—not to be confused with the PGA tour—which has announced that it is putting up \$1 million in purse money for 24

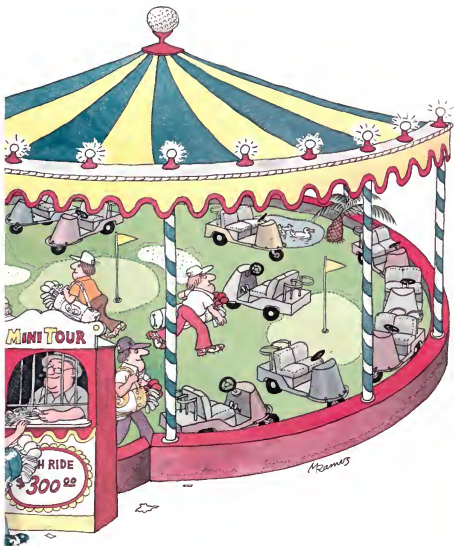
tournaments to be held nationwide for club pros and "registered PGA apprentices."

These tours are catering to the likes of Barry Fleming, who is 25, blond, tanned and confident he can be a world-beater. He has financial backing. What he does not have is enough experience to make it on the big tour.

Fleming's father managed a country club in Parkersburg, W. Va., and at seven Barry started belting golf balls. He hasn't stopped. He was a good golfer in high school and received a golf scholarship to his state university. Because he wanted to pursue the sport in earnest, he transferred from West Virginia to Florida State. "The Northern schools have a short schedule and a lot of rain," Fleming says. "You never get to play much. I had to sit out a year but got a

continued





full scholarship at Tallahassee and played in my senior year. I got a degree in hotel management, which will be a good fall-back if I start making a lot of bogeys.

"I still wasn't good enough for the tour when I graduated from college," he says, "so I chose the pro shop route. You give a few lessons, hit golf balls and play every day without spending any money." Fleming worked at Hilton Head's Palmetto Dunes and Harbour Town courses. After two years as an assistant pro he wanted to play competitively. He has twice failed to win his PGA tour credentials, but he remains undiscouraged. He looks at the ages of pros who are still winning, men in their 40s, and is sure he has time to improve. When he found a sponsor a year ago, he left Hilton Head and played on a now-defunct Florida mini-tour. He won the first tournament he entered, taking home \$800. Then he picked up the American Golf Tour in February and played in 11 events. Although he did not make enough to cover expenses, "I was right behind the guys who were the leading money winners," he says. "You had to finish in the top 10% each week to make expenses because the purses were so low. When the AGT went bust, we played for the \$150 entry fee each guy put up. You weren't going to get rich, even if you won two or three tournaments, but

I became a better player traveling around and seeing it up in all kinds of conditions. As an amateur, I would be nervous on the first tee. There's none of that now. This is a job."

Fleming and 381 other aspirants for PGA tour cards failed last June's test at Pinchurst, N.C., and they make up the bulk of the group that has joined the Space Coast mini-tour in Orlando. "If they want to play, they got to come see the Goose," J.C. says. "I got the only place where they can win and get paid immediately." He operates by collecting entry fees, taking a small percentage and letting the pros play for the rest. The first 64 finishers earn money, with the 64th collecting \$300, which is his entry fee. Goosie rents the courses on which the 36-hole tournaments are held. He has no trouble lining up layouts, in fact, the events are held on some of the best courses in central Florida. The reason is simple. The club is guaranteed between \$20 and \$24 for each player competing, and Goosie pays for carts, practice range and clubhouse. In a two-day tournament, a club can net from \$4,500 to \$6,000.

A pro must sign up for a series of five tournaments and pay \$1,500. Goosie runs off four series (or 20 tournaments) and then pauses only long enough to gather a new group of competitors. "I got to

looking at the guys going to the tour qualifying school," Goosie says. "Most of them didn't make it. I figured if we got a small percentage of them, say 25, and added a few other players, we had a cinch. We not only got the pros—and a lot more than we expected—but also high school kids who came down to test themselves. Figure it out. If you had a son 18 years of age, you could send him to us, give him \$4,000 to sleep and eat, and send us his \$6,000 entry fee. You could tell in 20 weeks if the boy could play or not. Now you can decide, depending on the results, whether he should go to college, get a job in a pro shop, practice his game or whatever. This is a fine proving ground."

"When a player gets out of here, he is not a finished product, but it gives him some idea whether he's got it or not. We have had 42 or 43 pros who have played with us and graduated to the PGA tour. We have had two or three winners on that tour in each of the last few years, men like Gary Koch and Bruce Lietzke."

In the 1973-74 season, Goosie had trouble filling his fields, but by the second fall his events were crowded. Now there is a waiting list until January.

Goosie is the most successful mini-tour operator because he doesn't shoot for the moon. Some of the scores that



win money in Goose's tournaments are astonishingly high. A fellow in one tournament shot 159 and collected \$265. Goose immediately sent out a mailing, advertising the fact that a pair of 80s was good enough for a payday. "Nearly everyone in the world thinks he can shoot a pair of 80s," Goose says. "One-third of our field never makes a check. They wouldn't earn a nickel if we paid 30 places and there were only 28 players. They'd find some way to blow."

"We bring a million dollars in cash to the Orlando area every year, yet we have a hard time getting scores in the local paper. When the American Golf Tour came here, it got headlines. The paper said it was the greatest thing in the world for golfers."

When he started out, Eddie Susalla believed that. He gathered together investors who put up \$75,000, and the tour got a \$300,000 line of credit. All of that is gone. But Susalla is undaunted. "I owe \$180,000, but that'll be a drop in the bucket once we get going," he says. "There is a need for another tour."

The AGT stopped at towns like Wellington, Kans.; Grandview, Mo.; and Amarillo, Texas. The players needed \$300 a week to pay expenses (never mind their entry fee of \$150) and that took ingenuity—inexpensive rooms, doubling and tripling up and dining on fast food. They had to pay for carts and most of them had to buy their golf balls because only the better prospects had an arrangement with a manufacturer.

Typical was the tournament last May at River Oaks in Grandview. The Ramada Inn was headquarters and charged the golfers \$13 a night for a room. The carts were \$10 per two men and the lunch was free, courtesy of a local merchant and host pro Johnny Goodman, who donated \$50 each. The wives took the cash to the supermarket to buy the makings for sandwiches.

Only cash was accepted for entry fees. There were no spectators except for the wives. All rulings were made on the honor system. You played the original ball, then played a provisional and later explained the circumstances to one of the staff who, when he got time, decided and ruled. The players were undismayed by the conditions. They just wanted to play.

For all its apparent glamour, what the PGA tour is all about is Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Arnold Palmer, Tom Wat-

son and Ben Crenshaw—pros whom people identify with and can root for. Tom Weiskopf is an attraction, if only to watch him walk through a sand trap or get a free drop and have it land in the water. If you were to stage an exhibition with some of the other good tour players, men like Charles Coody, Lou Graham, Jim Colbert, Andy Bean and Rik Massengale, the crowd wouldn't overflow a telephone booth. Let's face it, most of the pros on the PGA tour aren't much better than the guys who missed making it.

Instead of running a school to qualify, the PGA ought to have courses in how not to be as uncharismatic as Al Geiberger. The PGA tour was there first and therefore dictates by the divine right of kings. Yet it may be ready to be challenged. Doug Ford believes so. "I have no idea when or how," he says, "but there are just too many players around who want to play. And I'm going to join Goose in this mini-tour business. I ran a few tournaments last year as a lark and broke even. This year I'm sure it will work."

"I figure Goose takes 20% off the top and pays everything. He has to clear more than \$25,000 a season. And, with all the work he does, it's a fair break. The idea is to stay in one town like Orlando and not travel. The pros can live cheaper—get an apartment for four guys—eat cheaper and they are not in south Florida where everything is expensive."

"I don't think I'll have any trouble filling fields. Goose has barred the PGA tour players. I think that's wrong, but I can't knock Goose; nobody can. His fields are bigger since he put in the no-tour-player rule. But there is also a need for another tour in places we used to go to 12 or 14 years ago—Boston, Baltimore, Wilmington, Pittsburgh, Akron, Detroit."

Even should the mini-tour business expand, it's going to be increasingly tough for a kid coming out of college to make a living playing golf. Stan Wood, the longtime golf coach at USC and former president of the College Golf Coaches of America, says, "The players start younger, get better coaching in high school and in college. Ten years ago golf was a minor sport; now it's a major sport in college, and scholarships are plentiful."

"They play on better courses than most of the tour stops and often year round. Everyone in college golf probably wants to play on the pro tour. There

are 500 schools in our program, so that adds up to 2,500 players and approximately 1,000 graduates each year. Of these, about 100 are going to make an all-out effort to play professionally. Ninety-five percent of them should find another game. There are 40 good prospects each year. But they have no place to go but the PGA tour."

Tour Commissioner Deane Beman is equally blunt. "We are in the entertainment business," he says, "furnishing the highest level of players for the public, which pays a lot of money to come and watch. We're not running a business to teach someone how to play the game. We furnish the opportunity for a player with skill to have a place to practice his profession."

"We have tried to subsidize the less skilled player with satellite tournaments. One year, we had 24 satellite events and it cost more than \$100,000 to run these. Nobody came to watch them and we lost money. The PGA tour is for the accomplished players. We have simple rules about how to get on the tour. A second circuit wouldn't help us, it would only help the player."

"I think the best solution is the minors. They provide a place for a player to sharpen his game, play against his peers and get ready to try and qualify for the tour. It costs money but so does everything else."

So Barry Fleming and the other 381 pros who missed qualifying at Pinehurst in June will keep chasing the rainbow that ends for a few in the PGA's pot of gold. But they are undismayed. "There is a place for a second tour," Fleming insists, "and there are other places to go. Some of us will go to the Canadian tour. Some will go as far as Australia. And some will go back to Orlando. One way or the other, there will be casualties." (Goose has a 55% turnover.)

Just how far novice pros will go to compete was obvious the day the tornado blew through Grandview, ripping up homes and throwing buildings into the sky. Out at the River Oaks Country Club, where play had wisely been called, golfers exonerated officials about the postponement. When the temperature fell to 26° and the winds rose to 30 mph at one of Goose's tournaments, not one of the 100 men scheduled to play missed his tee-off time. They want to succeed even if they die trying.

END

When the alarm clock went off at half past four I was awake and waiting for it, wishing for it, the nightlong, fitful southwest wind having made my sleep fitful—that, plus my anticipation, mixed with some misgiving, over the coming day. The place was Nantucket, the month September, the day the last one of my two weeks' stay on the island.

Disgruntled with freshwater fishing, with drought and pollution and crowds on the streams, I had heeded the advice given me by a famous fisherman, now dead, and had turned to the ocean, expecting to find it teeming with trophies and to have, if not all of it to myself, at least a sizable private portion of it. During my time on Nantucket I had seen more fishermen than fish. The striped bass and the bluefish had shunned its accessible shores. In the tackle shops, fishermen reported daily on conditions at Surfside, Smith Point, Tom Nevers Head, and the story was everywhere the same: high tide or low, daylight or dark,

using this bait or that lure—nothing.

Such conversations, however, often ended on a note intriguing to a newcomer like me. "Catching them out at Great Point," one man would observe with a sigh. To which another man would give a snort and say, "Oh, sure! There!" After that, there was nothing more to be said, it seemed. I ventured a time or two to wonder aloud, why not try at Great Point, then, if that was where the fish were? What I got by way of reply was the dampening look of an old salt for a rank apprentice, of an islander for an off-islander.

Now surfcasters are men of stamina, rugged and adventurous, ready for anything. Theirs is not a gentle and contemplative recreation. They rise in darkness, drive distances, fish in the worst weather. Of all the many subspecies of fishermen, they take the greatest risks; in fact, they are downright reckless, even foolhardy. A few of them, breasting the breakers, invading the surf, seeking to ex-

tend their casts a few feet to reach schools of feeding fish, are swept to sea and lost each year, leaving widows and orphans to mourn them. What was there about Great Point that deterred these oldtime surfmen whose scuttlebutt I overheard at Bill Fisher's Tackle Shop? And who were those fools who rushed in where others feared to tread, the ones who were out there catching the fish?

These questions were to be answered today. I had been joined on the island by my friend, the dauntless Al Clements, a man whom nothing can discourage or deflect, or even distract, wherever there is water with possible sport in it, who groans at the thought of fishes being changed into loaves. Al would stop at nothing. Knowing this was the cause of my misgiving, and my anticipation, he had arrived in his four-wheel-drive Scout—the indispensable conveyance for the trip to Great Point. Now as I dressed in the predawn darkness to the lost-soul wailing of the wind, I felt a bit

TUMULT ON A WILD



like Melville's Ishmael, accosted on another Nantucket morning by Elijah, crazed survivor of a voyage aboard the *Pegoud* with that maniacal fisherman Captain Ahab: "Shipmates, have ye shipped in that ship? Anything down there about your souls?"

Today's Nantucket fishing fleet is not made up of square-rigged whalers with longboats on davits ready for lowering at the cry of "Thar she blows!" It is an even more numerous fleet of four-wheel-drive vehicles bristling with surf rods the length of harpoons, ready-rigged for the signal that sweeps over the island with the wind—"Bluefish in!" You see them coming off the ferryboats from Hyannis, bouncing over the cobblestones of Main Street, parked outside the A & P, rods riding flat in racks on the roof or else upright, like lances, in a row of sockets bolted to the front bumper so that the riders look through them as through bars. In the darkness of early morning and early

evening, from May to November, they ply the sand-swept island roads, bound for the beaches. For although the books tell you that bluefish are mainly daytime feeders, the ones that vacation around Nantucket have not read the books. They are as independent and set in their ways as the islanders themselves; they dine at dusk, they breakfast by the light of the moon.

It was dark but moonless when we set off that morning from Madaket, on the west side of the island, with Al, pipe in mouth, at the wheel. The treeless, featureless, flat landscape might have been the sea and we in the cabin of a boat. We were to traverse the length of the island. A strong starboard wind opposed us as we tacked toward Nantucket town. Sanguine as always, Al said, "Today, Bill, we're going to kill them." Doubtful as always, I grunted.

Our course took us around the town and out east toward Siasconset. We veered from that route shortly to go

northwest toward Polpis. Long, narrow, nearly enclosed Nantucket Harbor was off our portside.

At the coastal settlement of Wauwinet, the paved road ended. It seemed that the world ended there. We stopped and got out and, by flashlight, in a hurricane wind, deflated our tires. For not even a four-wheel-drive vehicle, even in low, low gear, can get through deep sand with its tires inflated. We reduced the pressure to 10 pounds, making certain by the gauge that it was the same in all four tires. The least imbalance—as little as a pound's difference—can cause one wheel to dig into the sand and spin uselessly. You do not want to be stuck on a narrow beach with the tide rising or a line storm coming on. A fisherman-conscious community has provided an air compressor and hose at that jumping-off place for the use of those returning from the Point and resuming travel on the paved road—a reassuring thought, one that I, buffeted by the wind and blinded by the dark-

continued

SHORE

Disgruntled by crowded freshwater streams, the author finds little solitude—but big bluefish aplenty—on a howling Nantucket beach
by WILLIAM HUMPHREY



ness, grasped at uncertainly but eagerly.

There we left behind us the last lone human habitation and entered upon Great Point, a narrow spit of sand extending five miles into Nantucket Sound. Instantly we learned why all but the most determined—some might say, the most demented—fishermen avoid Great Point. It was as though we had hunched a small craft upon a stormy sea and in a raging gale.

On either side of the land, which rose barely above water level, the ocean heaved and swelled. The spit seemed to undulate upon it. Running more or less down the middle of this ribbon of sand was a road of sorts—a track about as permanent as the wake of a boat. Ruts made in it by previous vehicles lasted little longer than a trail in water, buried within minutes in drifts, dunes, waves of sand. You had to cut your own path through them. No caution could be observed, for to pause was to sink, so we went at breakneck speed—I know of no stretch of road anywhere that restores that tired expression to more vivid life. As in a small boat at sea, we pitched, we tossed, we yawned, almost plunging into the water on one side and the next moment into that on

the other side. We rolled, we crested, we bottomed. We were jolted in all directions, now against the roof and now against the doors and now against the dashboard and now against each other. His pipe removed from his mouth for safety, Al clung to the wheel. I clung, when I could, to my door handle.

The five-mile trip took 20 minutes; it seemed longer. After about the first mile of it I began to laugh. I was laughing at my own madness in going to such lengths in pursuit of fish. After that, I laughed because I didn't know what else to do. Then I laughed to keep myself from crying. Finally, I laughed because I was enjoying myself. So was my friend. There comes a time in life when, because you are on an adventure, even an uncomfortable one, you enjoy yourself. It is not the old routine, whatever it may be, and there is no knowing how many more chances life will bring you to do something madcap. Living over just such experiences as you try to fall asleep at the end of yet another day, you are reassured that you have lived.

It was just over a year earlier, shortly before his death, that the world-renowned fisherman Charles Ritz had said

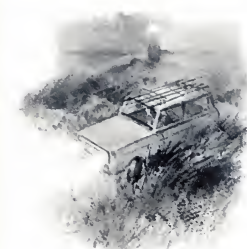
to me, "Our kind of fishing, yours and mine, fly-fishing for trout and salmon, is coming to an end. The habitat of these fastidious fish has been tampered with too much. Their range has shrunk steadily and, despite the efforts of a few concerned people, will continue to shrink. The future of sport fishing is in the ocean. Only it—up to now—has been big and mighty enough to withstand man's mistreatment of it." His prediction was being realized faster than he had foreseen, if my experience the past couple of seasons was indicative. So, late in life, I had faced about and gone to encounter the ocean.

To get here I had come a long way—not in distance so much as in attitude, orientation—and I had arrived as ignorant as an immigrant. Born and brought up on the prairies, I had remained a land-lubber. Oh, I had crossed the Atlantic more times than I could remember, both by boat and by plane, but once safely on either of its shores I had headed inland instinctively. No beachcomber, I. That was not my element. So much water seemed too much for me. Now, a latecomer to the ocean, I felt as though I were the first, as though I had discovered it. From this desolate outpost, in the nacreous light just breaking, it looked as though the ocean were being seen for the first time, just emerging from the primal void.

A fierce wind was blowing—just how fierce we would learn when, battered and bruised from our wild ride, we stepped out into it. From off the Point it blew to sea laden with sand, a veritable sandstorm, making the waves look like wind-swept desert dunes. Arrested upon the wind, hundreds of gulls and terns hung low over the water, screaming incessantly. The waters off the Point—treacherous waters where many a shipwreck lies—matched the wind in their convulsions. Heaving and seething, hissing loudly, the waves dashed against the spit, each lapping higher than the last on the rising tide, each undertow capturing and carrying back with it more of the shrinking shoreline. They seemed at war among themselves, wave rearing and crashing against wave, roller chasing roller.

I was, of course, far from the first ever to see it. From this very island, so changed since his time, Herman Melville once looked to sea, and it appeared the same to him as it does now to us—about the only thing that does. Arresting thought! We have polluted it, depleted it, we have all but exterminated the le-

continued



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Winston Lights, I wouldn't smoke.

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- ⑧ Standard overhead console with pivotal reading lights and digital clock.
- ⑨ Standard bucket seats (both reclining).
- ⑩ Standard tilt steering wheel.
- ⑪ Standard electric rear window defroster.
- ⑫ Standard dual outside mirrors (electronically controlled).
- ⑬ Standard power ventilation.
- ⑭ Standard tinted glass (all windows).
- ⑮ Standard interior trunk release.
- ⑯ Standard warning chimes (instead of buzzer).
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- ⑱ Standard plaid cloth interior with carpeting.
- ⑲ Standard lighted door locks (outside).
- ⑳ Standard louvers (rear quarter windows).
- ㉑ Standard side-stripping.
- ㉒ Standard locking gas cap.



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vithans Melville fished for in it, yet it endures, outwardly unchanged. Of little on land can it be said that we see it now as it has always been seen. The ocean withstands our imposition. In its ceaseless motion lies its permanence.

No wonder we invest it with prodigies, with sea serpents and monsters, for not even its real and observable wonders, its whales and its great sharks, its giant squid and octopuses, seem commensurate with its vastness, the mysteries of its depths, its tremendous pressures, its titanic moods. No wonder we fancy it to contain a Bermuda Triangle into which all who venture disappear, with a lost Atlantis, with legends such as that of the *Flying Dutchman* doomed to wander eternally over its wastes. The imagination is unmoved by it and drifts without landmarks on its limitless expanses, over its fathomless profundities.

Was it hereabouts, on Nantucket, perhaps, that Melville first had his thought: Meditation and water are wedded forever?

At first the doors of the Scout could not be opened. They were unlocked, yet they could not be opened. When finally one was, the wind took it, wrenched it half off its hinges, slammed it against the front fender and sprung it so it could not be closed again until after a visit to a body shop.

Outside, you could not see your feet; they were lost in the driven sand. It seemed that the entire spit was being blown away; we wondered whether by the time we were ready to leave we would be able to get back overland. There was no looking into the wind—no facing it, even. Wherever you were exposed to it, your skin smarted and stung, even the palms of your hands. It was a moving wall. It doubled you over, knocked out your breath, rocked you on your heels. It threatened momentarily to blow just a puff harder and pick you up and hurl you out to sea. The sand filling it was coarse, all finer stuff having long since been winnowed out; rated as shotgun pellets, it would have been about No. 9, the size for quail. With that blast you could have frosted glass, removed house paint, scoured brick buildings, engraved—or effaced—tombstones. Luckily for us the wind was at our backs as we faced the water; otherwise we could not have fished. Had we had to cast into the wind, it would have flung our big, heavy lures, treble hooks and all, right back at us.

The sea surface erupted regularly in a fine spray as though a shotgun had gone off underwater. Then birds dropped to the water as though shot. They rose again with baitfish wriggling in their bills. An instant later the same spot erupted again, this time with heavier ammunition. Out of the water and into the air leaped fish a yard long, missile-shaped, metal-colored, glistening: bluefish of 12 to 15 pounds. It was these that had driven the baitfish inshore and made them leap out of the water in terror and desperation. The baitfish drew the gulls and the terns. Now these were drawing other fishermen besides us.

Here was one of the differences I was discovering between freshwater and saltwater fishing. One of the principal charms of trout fishing, at least for me, is the solitude; one of my disappointments in it recently had been the growing crowds on my favorite streams. Now, expecting to find myself alone somewhere on the long Atlantic coast, I found myself on one of its most inaccessible points fishing in a crowd, at times even tangling lines with my neighbor on one side or the other, and finding this a key element of the excitement. Just seeing so many fish caught was exhilarating. There were times when every man on the beach was tugging at a rod bent nearly double. To be one among them elevated the blood pressure—not to be one among them did, too. Then you cast even faster, even farther.

There was, I was learning, a pattern, a rhythm to waves—a different one each day, even at different hours of the same day, and even on adjacent stretches of the same beach. I was learning, too, that you must observe this rhythm and conform to it, else you may feed the fish instead of their feeding you. Even then you must be alert, for the sea is capricious and can slip in a breaker out of step. Already in my brief experience I had had unlooked-for waves take the sand from under my feet, drop me in a hole, sweep me up and draw me in.

That morning off Great Point it was twin breakers succeeded by the undertow. In tandem they slammed the shore, then withdrew deeply to gather themselves for another assault. By waiting out the breakers, then springing after the tow, I could lengthen my cast by a good 30 feet. Then, while my plug was still trav-

eling through the air, I scurried up the strand, sandpiper-quick, to escape the incoming breaker, meanwhile leaving open the bail of my reel and letting out line. In effect, I was casting my lure in one direction and myself in the other. I had to propel myself backward, for the wind was not to be faced. Such was its force and the steadiness with which it blew that the sand was driven into everything. It grated in the gears of reels designed to keep it out. It spoiled a can of beer before I could down it. It had later to be shoveled from the Scout. I was to find on returning home after four hours' exposure to it that my pants pockets contained enough sand to fill a large hourglass. My hair and scalp could have furnished enough for several egg timers. Five showers later, I would still be picking grains from my ears.

I would backpedal up the strand and retrieve my lure. That may sound like a leisurely enough exercise to someone whose fishing has been confined to freshwater ponds. In surfcasting for bluefish, using a big, long, heavy rod, a big reel, and big, heavy plugs, you retrieve as fast as you possibly can. Seeing it done for the first time, you will think those maniacs on the beach reeling so frantically away are not trying to catch fish but to rescue their lures from them. They are doing what you must do. When baitfish find themselves in the vicinity of bluefish they flee fast; your imitation baitfish has got to do the same. So you reel until you pemit, until your hand is stiff, your arm trembling with the strain. And as soon as you have recovered your lure you hurl it back out as fast as you can get rid of it. As in all fishing, you will catch nothing with your bait out of water, but in fishing for bluefish you cannot rest for a minute. For, just as capriciously as they appear offshore, they are gone again. You fish for them while they are there, before they consume all the baitfish and depart. That does not take them long, for they are a gluttonous fish, equipped with a mouthful of teeth that could shred a truck tire. They will redder the surf with the blood of their prey. When they have gorged themselves, they vomit and start all over again. Although it is grueling and you are aching all over, especially on Great Point after that ride to get there, you are too absorbed to notice.

You crank as fast as you can, and with today's fast-ratio spinning reels, each turn of the handle recovers nearly a yard

continued

of line that will give you an idea of the speed of your lure on top of the water. The first time it is stopped dead as though hooked to a pier, you will have an idea of the speed of a big bluefish frenziedly on the feed. Casting a minute dry fly to a finicky, mistrustful, one-pound trout is no preparation for it. No caution in bluefish. They are greedy, indiscriminating and seem never to have been warned against fishermen. My first one that day nearly yanked the rod from my hands.

The fish and I were both stunned and disbelieving to find ourselves connected by a line. The fish did not panic and bolt. It just stopped where it was like a bulky mule with all four feet dug in. The fish was not to be budged from the spot where, mistaking my lure for the real thing on which it had been feasting, it bit my barbed plug and found itself being pricked and tugged at. I could feel its bafflement and indignation through the line. I could feel it toss its head as it tried impatiently to shake the hook. Then

it made a run; the drag of my reel was loosened to give it its head. One hundred yards it went before I could rein it in. I was using 20-pound-test line, and the odds were long that my fish weighed much less than that, yet, fresh-hooked and full of fight, it easily had the power to break the line. I lowered my rod tip and pumped. I gained line, the fish took it. For a quarter of an hour this tug-of-war went on. At the end I was almost as spent as the fish.

I coaxed my fish in at last on an incoming wave and beached it. I knew not to put my hand in its mouth to free my plug. Its teeth can take off fingers. Nor did I pick it up by the tail while it was still alive. Bluefish are limber, like sharks, able to bend double and bite you. I bent my fish to death with a billy club.

Unlike freshwater fish, solitaires that drive others of their kind out of their territories, saltwater fish school. Where you catch one you are apt to catch more. Bluefish hunt in packs, like wolves. Sometimes these packs fill acres of water.

(When that happens you are in for an added sensation, unless, as we had that day at Great Point, you have a steady, strong wind at your back; you can smell them. The smell is that of a ripe melon.) It was plain that we were into such a school, and, there being no legal limit on the catch of bluefish, nor any prohibition against their sale, as there is against the sale of a few saltwater fish and all freshwater game varieties, fish were now accumulating on the beach behind each man. These were soon covered with sand.

There was no time to put them in cars, no time even to shoo away the gulls that alighted to peck at their gills.

The frenzy with which the fish were foraging was imported to us. Add to this the pounding surf, the wind, the screaming birds, and now the sun rising red and swollen, possibly portending an early end to the fishes' feeding and to our sport. Meanwhile, on every other cast you hooked one. You grew impatient with the time it took to subdue and land it be-

ON SALE OCT. 30—NOV. 26, 1977.

Comes partially assembled.

fore you could catch another. Down the line one man was setting his hook, another pumping his bent rod, another heaving a fish, another clubbing one. Seeking to cast farther, I stood in the surf now, wet to my chin. All caution was thrown to that wild wind. The teeming ocean was casting up its bounty to us. It was shortly to prove too much of a good thing.

I was trying to untangle a frantic tern I had caught on the wing. Beside me, Al was fighting a fish. I heard a twang, like the crack of a rifle, audible above the wind. When I had freed the bird I turned and found Al reeling in a slack line. It had broken and he had lost his fish and with it his lure and wire leader. A moment later the same thing happened to another fisherman. On my next cast it happened to me.

We tied on longer leaders. When, even with these, we lost lures, we reasoned that our lines had been frayed on submerged rocks.

Our school of fish had multiplied and, their numbers goading them to competition among themselves for the baitfish, they were feeding more voraciously than ever. Baitfish exploded everywhere from the water. The birds collided with one another in falling upon them.

Now on every cast you hooked a fish, only to lose it. I watched one man alone lose what he told me were 22 plugs, costing \$3 to \$4 apiece. Such was the spell of the place, with the waves and the wind and the clamorous birds and the frenzied fish and the very frustration of it goading you on. The more of them you lost the more determined you were to land this one. And you would think you were going to. You would regain line, feel the fish finally tire, its will and its resistance weaken, walk it down the beach to somewhat quieter water. Then it was gone like all the others, taking with it yet another of your lures. Al had been cleaned out, was using mine and losing them.

All were mystified by what was happening to us. It was the man at the

body shop who later enlightened us. A native Nantucketer and a fisherman himself, he explained that our trouble had been simply too many fish. When a bluefish, one of a large school such as we had run into, is hooked, he told us, the others bite the line, the swivels, even bits of weed caught on the line, mistaking the motion these make in the water for that of a baitfish.

By 10 o'clock the other fishermen, out of lures, or out of patience, or both, had departed, leaving the beach to us. Al had gone through his half of my lures; finally I lost my last one. We exhumed our fish, and I began to recover from the spell I had been under.

I was not sorry to quit, though I had had to be forced to do it. Only then did I realize how tired I was—contented but tired, and sore all over—and I had yet to fillet and freeze my share of all those fish as soon as I got them home.

And before I could do that, as I remembered only now, I had to make the return trip over that road **END**

The Complete Craftsman Table Saw Outfit. \$100 Off.

Sears Best 10-inch Table Saw. Now \$269⁹⁵.

Now you can get \$100 off Craftsman's table saw outfit and get a lot more than the basic saw.

Because this sale-priced Craftsman table saw includes—

- A steel leg set for firm, stable footing
- A powerful 1 H.P. motor that develops 2 H.P.
- 2 formed steel table extensions for extra-large work surface

Of course, the saw itself is full of features, too. Like a 24-inch rip capacity, big enough to handle 4'x8' sheets of plywood. A see-through blade guard. Plus a self-aligning rip fence and a miter gauge with positive stops at 45° and 90°. And be sure to ask about Sears credit plans.

Full One Year Warranty on Craftsman

table saw. If, within one year from date of purchase, this table saw fails due to defect in material or workmanship, contact Sears and Sears will repair it free of charge.

On sale at most Sears retail stores.
Prices Higher in Alaska and Hawaii

BLADE PACK (#32407) Save \$5.00* Now \$17.97.	ACCESSORY KIT (#32773) Save \$25.96* Now \$59.99.
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 8-inch Sanding Wheel • 15-piece Molding Head Set • Taper Jig • 10-inch Hollow Ground Blade • 16-tooth Carbide-tipped Dado

*Based on regular separate prices from 1977 Power and Hand Tool Catalog



Tools that have earned the right to wear the name.

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BIG SCORERS IN THE AD GAME



THE JUICE HAS PUT HERTZ FIRMLY IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

For every hour of sports on network television there are eight to 10 minutes of advertising. In 1976 that added up to more than 160 hours of commercials intermingled with kickoffs, pickoffs, tipoffs and tceoffs. During these moneymaking interludes the event's performers often appear endorsing everything from American Express cards to weed trimmers. O. J. Simpson leaps over airport runways for Hertz as agilely as he eludes would-be tacklers for the Buffalo Bills. Pele uses the same deft footwork for Pepsi that he employed in Cosmos games. Even Marvelous Marv Throneberry, the symbol of early Mets ineptness, is in the act, appearing in Miller Lite Beer commercials 14 years after his baseball career ended. In one of his one-line closers he says, "I still don't know why they want me to do this commercial."

The answer, Marv, is elementary. Sports programming, which long ago consumed weekend afternoons, now stretches into prime time. So advertisers, citing the proliferation of sports shows and studies that indicate the growing appeal of athletes as salesmen, are snatching up star jocks, both active and retired, to peddle their wares. Joe DiMaggio got \$1 million for signing a three-year deal that changed his name from the Yankee Clipper to Mr. Coffee. For selling Magnavox television sets for two years, Henry Aaron has pocketed a million bucks. Olympic skater Dorothy Hamill spins for Revlon-Myers' Short

& Savvy hair treatment, decathlete Bruce Jenner winks. Wheaties' Tiger Pitcher Mark Fidrych winks a couple of bars for Aqua Velva and Joe Namath pops corn and cooks hamburgers for Hamilton-Beach and models party-hose for Hanes. In 1975 Namath also agreed to lend his name to Fager for 10 years at \$500,000 per.

Riding high on every advertising executive's list is Simpson. Advertising Age named the Juice the No. 1 presenter of 1977, citing his work for Hertz and TreeSweet orange juice. Simpson outscored 20 other finalists, including Hamill and DiMaggio, by earning high grades in credibility, persuasiveness, sales effectiveness, image and merchandisability. In layman's terms, he put Hertz back in the driver's seat in the rental-car business.

Actually Hertz had never taken a backseat in sales volume. But two years ago the company decided that it was image-less. Ted Bates Advertising Agency formulated a television campaign that stressed speedy service and adopted the Superstar-in-Rent-A-Car slogan. Then the search for a spokesman began.

"We used the subtract one, multiply by 20 technique to choose our celebrity," says Mark Morris, the campaign's director. "First, the idea has to stand on its own merit without any one celebrity. Then if we could've named 20 others who could've done as well as the star we used, our celebrity had failed." This time both the concept and the celebrity passed the test. Hertz' sales soared by 50%.

Simpson's race was never an issue. In fact, more and more black athletes appear in advertisements, which 10 years ago featured neither blacks nor athletes. Bill Russell's 20-foot hook shots on behalf of Ma Bell in 1974 went a long way to break down racial bias. According to Morris, Simpson's selection did not involve racial considerations. "With hindsight we could say what a terrific idea it was to use a black athlete," he says, "but in our minds

O.J. was a superstar who stood for speed. Then—P.S.—he happened to be black. Actually Simpson is without color, which is not to say he is white but that he is beyond any ethnic identification in his projection."

In advertising, projection is everything. The key to acceptance by customers is how likable the public believes a product's spokesman to be. Market Researcher Alan J. Nelson has found that the more congenial an endorser appears, the more credible he will be as a salesman. Ability on the field is valuable to the athlete only in gaining the exposure necessary to attract an advertiser's attention. For example, of the 192 jocks evaluated by Nelson, Muhammad Ali ranked third in public awareness, but because many people neither trusted nor liked him he finished 190th in commercial appeal.

Ali does not appear in this season's biggest sports commercial, brought to you by Miller's Lite Beer. But 16 retired athletes do in choosing its salesmen. Miller had to comply with an FCC regulation that forbids active athletes from endorsing alcoholic beverages. So former stars such as Yankee Manager Billy Martin, Celtic Coach Tommy Heinsohn and pro football's Deacon Jones and Paul Hornung received hefty checks.

The Miller gang has become so linked in the public's mind with Lite Beer that the members can no longer sit at a bar without some stranger sending over a round of the brew. And when Heinsohn flew into Ohio for a basketball clinic last summer, the man who picked him up at the airport whipped out a can of Lite Beer and chewed the top off with a few quick bites.

"Do you think I could try out for a Lite Beer commercial?" asked the sharp-toothed driver. Heinsohn gave him the number to call for an audition. His services were never used, but Miller borrowed his idea for one of its 30-second spots in which Bubba Smith opens a beer by ripping the top off the can.

Miller's use of jock commercials has helped to increase its annual sales by 43%. That is just the sort of number companies love to put in their annual reports, and it is no surprise, considering the dollars jock commercials have earned for Hertz, Miller and others, that Madison Avenue is fast becoming a sportsman's paradise.

END



**Nothing says gold like
Longines...the world's most honored watch.**

Presenting the world's most honored watch* in a new limited fourteen karat gold edition. The Golden Wings™ Collection by Longines.

Each case and band is crafted of

solid, immutable gold—refined to fourteen karat purity, hand finished and offered to you with pride. The movement is all Swiss and pure Longines.

See your jeweler or write the

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company,
New Rochelle, New York 10810
for your free brochure.

LonginesWittnauer
BAILEY & BROTHERS
Time can be beautiful

IF YOU WANT TO CARRY

IT'S MORE FUN T

THE 1978 VW BUS.

If you've let the size of your family drive you into a car you can't afford. Or, if you've been squeezing the fun out of your family in a car that fits your budget and nothing else, you've missed the Bus. The 1978 Volkswagen Bus

ROOM AND COMFORT.

The '78 Bus gives everyone in your family the elbow room they

need to relax in comfort. In fact, it gives you up to 14 elbows room. With still enough room left for your luggage, dog, or just about anything you want to get away with.

The Bus gives you 70% more room inside than most full-sized domestic station wagons. And practically as much room as a van.

So when you want to uncramp your family's style nothing compares to the Bus for room and comfort.

VERSATILITY.

The Bus' rear hatch and big sliding door mean you can use your Bus like no other vehicle.

One minute you're carrying the Little League team. And the next you're doing some really big league hauling.

Yet because the Volkswagen Bus is shorter than most cars, it's parkable in spaces that regular station wagons have to pass up.



THE MOST FOR THE LEAST.*

DO TAKE THE BUS.

ECONOMY.

The '78 VW Bus costs only a little more to buy than the average domestic sedan and less than most big station wagons. And to run, it's out in front by miles. The electronic fuel-injected 2 liter engine is not only powerful and responsive, it's also a fuel-saver. It helps the Bus deliver an estimated 25 mpg on the highway, 17 in the city with standard transmission in the 1978 EPA*

tests. (Of course your actual mileage may vary depending on where and how you drive, the condition of your Bus and optional equipment such as an automatic transmission.)

DRIVEABILITY.

Your '78 Bus has full independent suspension on all four wheels and radial tires to give you a smooth ride down the roughest street. It has 10 inch power-assisted disc brakes for quick short stops. For excellent

road handling and fun driving nothing beats the '78 VW Bus.

So if you want to fit your family into something a little bit more comfortable, bring them to your Volkswagen dealer now. You'll find that the 1978 Volkswagen Bus not only fits comfortably around your big family, it also fits comfortably around your wallet.



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Volkswagen of America, Inc.





Some people set their sights higher than others.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD, 40% PROOF, SEAGRAM BOTTLED CO., N.Y.C.

Everybody knows about the Longhorns of Texas; big team, big school. This is to introduce the Red Raiders of Colgate, a tiny but major college that runs the rusty old wing T. Forget the difference in size—Colgate is going stride-for-stride with Texas as the only unbeaten team left in the country. Last Saturday the Raiders piled up 540 yards while whipping Boston University 43-22 for their eighth straight. It now seems eminently likely that Colgate will roll to an 11-0 season, outstutstucking every other team in the nation. It also seems eminently likely that the Raiders will finish unranked and uninvited.

With reason, Colgate is chewing its way through a less-than-demanding schedule that includes five Division II teams. A few weeks ago Colgate publicist Bob Cornell mailed flyers to representatives of the Peach, Tangerine, Independence, Sun and Hall of Fame Bowls. So far the Peach, Tangerine, Independence, Sun and Hall of Fame folks have failed to get terribly enthusiastic. In fact, they haven't responded.

To go unbeaten and then unrewarded would normally be considered tragic, but Colgate has been down this road before. In 1932 Coach Andy Kerr led the Raiders to a 9-0 record, a memorable season in which they outscored their opponents 264-0. But the Rose Bowl selected Pittsburgh, which had been tied twice, to play Southern Cal. The Trojans won 35-0.

To the people in Hamilton, N.Y., being spurned was a cruel blow—Colgate was a legitimate power in those days. It had All-Americas such as Leonard (Iron Legs) Macaulay and Eddie Tryon. It had Kerr, who was an assistant to Pop Warner at Stanford before bringing the double-wing with its punt-kickage to his tiny Colgate. Colgate also had a renowned cheering section and the infamous Hoodoo Hex, a jinx imposed on archrival Syracuse that was supposedly responsible for the Orange's inability to beat Colgate from 1925 to 1938. In one six-year period Colgate won 47 of 53 games, upset national powers NYU, Indiana, Michigan State and Tulane, and came to be known—Hamilton lies in the Chenango Valley—as the Little Giant of the Chenango.

Since the Kerr years, however, Colgate has received less fanfare, and Hamilton, a sleepy village of old faces and no

industry, has had to be content with memories. The school turned out a few notable individuals—Marv Hubbard, Mark van Eeghen and Mark Murphy, currently one of two rookies playing for the Washington Redskins—but its records were mediocre. It was only last year, after Fred Dunlap was hired as Colgate's 27th head coach, that things began to change for the better.

A fullback at Colgate in the '40s, Dunlap was hired away from Lehigh, where he turned a 1-8 team into a 9-2 success that ranked in the nation's top five in offense and scoring in 1975. Dunlap also grew to understand the workings of limited-budget football: if you lack top-flight athletes, you stress a more subtle system of offense. Dunlap favored the wing T, a now-archaic attack once used with great success by a number of major teams. He had discovered its beauties at Lehigh practically every time he came up against Delaware, a Division II power that beat him eight of the 10 times they met. "Those game films used to disturb me," he says. "They didn't outwit us, or outman us. Eventually I realized they simply outlived us."

Thus inspired, Dunlap installed the wing T at Colgate, and the Red Raiders won their first eight games—for the first time since 1932. This year Colgate opened with a 23-0 mauling of Rutgers as Bob Relph threw two touchdown passes and Jerry Andrewlavage boomed an 83-yard punt. Relph passed for nine more TDs in victories over Lafayette, Cornell and Harvard. The Raiders then beat Holy Cross 31-14 as Fullback Pat Healy scored on runs of nine and 12 yards. In a 31-13 win over Princeton and a 48-36 defeat of Columbia, the offensive line of Tackle Steve Bennett and Guard Steve John Gibney and Dave Bachmann and Center Mike Foley was opening holes roughly the size of badminton courts. Fullback Henry White gained a career-high 204 yards in only 11 carries against Columbia. But if the offense had been sizzling all season, last Saturday at BU it burst into flame.

Relph completed 16 of 29 passes for 293 yards, breaking the Colgate record of 270 set by Tom Parr in 1972. He also threw for two TDs, giving him a career total of 26, another school record. Healy rushed for 94 yards, boosting his career

Is Colgate going to be squeezed out again?

Like No. 1 Texas, the Red Raiders crush an opponent every week, but unlike the Longhorns', their bowl chances are dim



Cooling it between classes on their Hamilton, N.Y. campus: record-setters Healy, White and Relph

continued

total to 2,604, which put him ahead of van Egghen as the college's all-time rusher. Oddly enough, however, it is White who is leading the nation in all-purpose running and ranks among national leaders in rushing, averaging 109 yards a game and 8.72 yards a carry. Colgate leads the nation in total offense with 486 yards a game, ranks seventh in passing (225.7 yards) and is seventh in scoring (35 points a game).

In the wing T, plays develop slowly. The backs hesitate long enough for the linemen to maneuver into position to make their blocks. The guards and tackles aim more to confuse or delay a defender than to blow him out. The quarterback can call a myriad of shifts, slants, dives, pitches, hook-ins, Z-outs and hoots, and he spreads them around in a way that makes it seem as if he draws his plays in the dirt back in the huddle. The Colgate attack has an average gain of 5.4 yards per play rushing, 8.6 yards passing. "The whole system is based on causing the defense conflicts," Dunlap says. "You block everybody with a different man all the time. You show a play run with one blocking scheme, and the defense thinks it knows it. Then you run the same play—or at least it starts out looking just like the same play—and block another way, and suddenly you have something going."

With all this success comes the question: How good is Colgate? There may not be an answer. Among its opponents, only Rutgers has met a top-20 team, and in that game Penn State mishandled the Scarlet Knights 45-7. On the other hand, Colgate beat Rutgers nearly as easily. "I don't know how good we are," Dunlap says. "But we play real well."

In seasons to come Colgate also will be playing Penn State. Dunlap has scheduled series with Army and Syracuse and is looking to add a Wake Forest, an Air Force, a North Carolina. He figures Colgate can play a tougher schedule without spending more money to build up its program. But for now, the only way to find out how good Colgate is would be to throw the Raiders up against a strong team in a postseason bowl. The ACC runner-up in the Peach, say, or Brigham Young in the Sun Bowl, would suit Dunlap fine. He says he would not consider playing a team with a less glamorous reputation. Are you listening Peach, Tangerine, Independence? Hello, Sun Bowl! Are you there. Hall of Fame?

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST "No way we figured to do it this easily," said Penn State Quarterback Chuck Fuma, after directing a 49-7 defeat of Miami. A lopsided victory had seemed unlikely because the Hurricanes had been first in the nation in pass defense (56.2 yards a game) and fifth in overall defense (211.5 yards). But Fuma connected on seven of 11 throws for 192 yards and two touchdowns (a 56-yarder to Ed Gethere and a 72-yarder to Scott Fitzkeel) while playing slightly more than two periods. All told, the Nittany Lions amassed 641 yards of total offense, including three short touchdown runs by Matt Suhey.

It was an easy week for Pennsylvania quarterbacks. Matt Cavanaugh of Pittsburgh also got plenty of rest. After hitting on 10 of 16 passes for 149 yards and two touchdowns to Gordon Jones, Cavanaugh sat down and watched the Panthers finish off Tulane 48-0. Pitt's Elliott Walker rushed for 119 yards, including scoring runs of 16 and 21 yards.

While Coach Frank Burns was at home recuperating from a heart attack, Rutgers pulled off a get-well triumph for him at William & Mary. Just barely. The Scarlet Knights trailed 21-3 in the third period. Then Quarterback Bert Kosup got rolling with a 10-yard touchdown pass to Walt Hynoski—which, after Rutgers missed the extra point, cut the deficit to 21-9—and ran two yards for a touchdown in the fourth quarter. There were just 40 seconds to go when Defensive End Phil Perkins pounced on a fumble, but Kosup wound up with time to spare, connecting with Freshman Tim Oskell on a 28-yard scoring pass at the 13-second mark. Another missed conversion made the final score 22-21 Rutgers.

Dartmouth and Yale remained tied for the Ivy League lead, with the Elis getting 174 yards rushing and two touchdowns from John Pagliaro in a 28-0 victory over Cornell while the Big Green struggled past Columbia 14-7. Brown overcame Harvard 20-15 as the Bruin's Mark Whipple opened the scoring with a 76-yard pass to Charlie Watkins in the first period and closed it with a one-yard plunge in the fourth quarter. Despite attempting only three passes—and failing on all three—Penn defeated Princeton 21-10, the Quakers rushing for a season school record 331 yards.

Four other Pennsylvania teams came through with impressive wins. The big man as Lehigh's 47-13 conquest of Bucknell was Mike Recker, who hit on 16 of 28 passes for 384 yards and four touchdowns. Fullback Vince Thompson ran for 162 yards and freshman Quarterback Pat O'Brien for 146 as Villanova took a 28-0 advantage and held on for a 41-36 upset at West Virginia. Mount-

taineer Quarterback Dan Kendris completed 21 of 34 passes for 309 yards and three touchdowns. Clarion (Pa.) State (7-0) knocked off California (Pa.) State 45-10, and Westminster (8-0), the top-ranked team in NAIA's Division II, blanked Geneva 30-0.

Army smothered wireless Holy Cross 48-7 as Greg King broke loose for a 97-yard scoring run. In a battle of field goals, Syracuse, despite gaining 443 yards, settled for a 6-3 decision over Virginia. C.W. Post's 16-0 defeat of Kings Point was its fifth straight shutout. Knocked from the unbeaten ranks was NCAA Division II's New Hampshire, a 21-20 loser to Rhode Island.

1. PENN STATE (7-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (6-1-1) 3. COLGATE (8-0)

SOUTH Two football maxims held up during the week. Louisiana State proved that a game is never over until the last tackle is made. Alabama established that it is certain time as soon as Bear Bryant starts running in the substitutes. In the first encounter, Mississippi had pounced upon LSU in the second period, scoring three times in seven minutes and 40 seconds for a 21-0 lead. Freddie Williams scored first for the Rebels on a 42-yard bolt off left tackle. Tim Ellis added a one-yard sneak and Leont Perry went 69 yards down the middle. LSU's Charles Alexander countered with a one-yard smash to get his team on the board, but the Tigers still trailed 21-7 and had been outgained 258 yards to 109 in the first half.

A nice-yard pass from LSU's Steve Ensminger to Mike Quintela tied the score was 21-14. Alexander, who entered the game as the nation's leading rusher with an average of 158 yards a game, was held to 61 yards, but set up LSU's third score by grabbing a 32-yard pass. On the next play—the first of the fourth period—Ensminger went over from the four to tie the score at 21-21. Willie Teal then stole a Rebel pass and ran it back 29 yards to the Mississippi 10. Alexander barged ahead for seven and, with 1:25 left, Ensminger went over from the three to make it LSU 28-21. And now for Maxins No. 1. Ellis completed two passes for 33 yards and the ball was on the Tiger 38 with 17 seconds to go. On the game's last play, Ellis faded back—and was sacked.

In the other contest, Alabama gained only 20 more yards than Mississippi State (231 to 211) in the first half, but held a 21-7 lead. Tony Nathan of the Tide rumbleballed for 104 yards in the first quarter, added 11 more in two second-period carries and then was given the rest of the evening off as Bryant sent in his backup troops to complete a 37-7 triumph. Southeastern Conference leader Alabama (5-0) meets LSU (3-1) this week.

And to prove there are notable field-goal kickers outside the Southwest Conference (page 26), Jorge Portela of Auburn (3-0)

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

booted five three-pointers during a 29-14 upset of Florida. Kentucky and Georgia took on non-conference opponents, the Wildcats beating Virginia Tech 32-9 and the Bulldogs defeating Richmond 23-7.

Maryland's three-year Atlantic Coast reign was almost assuredly ended with a 16-7 loss to North Carolina. The Tar Heels, who trailed 7-0 at the half, tied the score on a 36-yard pass from Matt Kucsek to Mel Collins and turned three Terp turnovers into Tom Biddle field goals. The win left Carolina 3-0 in the ACC and dropped Maryland to 3-2.

Second-place Clemson beat Wake Forest 26-0. North Carolina State held off outsider South Carolina 7-3, and Duke, down 24-9 in the fourth period, stunned independent Georgia Tech 25-24 on a seven-yard Mike Dunn-to-Tom Hall pass with 13 seconds to go.

Florida State ended North Texas State's seven-game winning streak with a 35-14 triumph. The Seminoles scored twice in 44 seconds as Defensive Back Ivory Joe Hunter ran a blocked punt back 19 yards and Defensive End Willie Jones recovered a Mean Green fumble in the end zone.

1. ALABAMA (7-1)

2. KENTUCKY (7-1) 3. FLORIDA STATE (6-1)

SOUTHWEST

Texas and Arkansas romped to Southwest Conference wins, but Texas A&M and Houston needed big fourth quarters to come out on top. The Johnny Joneses of first-place Texas ran in all three Longhorn touchdowns in a 26-0 defeat of Texas Tech. Olympic Sprinter Johnny (Lam) Jones scored on a 57-yard pass play and Johnny (Ham) Jones talked on runs of three and 11 yards, while Earl Campbell gained 116 of the Longhorns' 210 yards rushing. Arkansas runners picked up 432 yards in a 30-7 rout of Rice, more than half that total coming from Ben Cowins (123 yards and a two-yard TD) and Michael Forrest (114 yards, including scoring jaunts of 23 and two yards). Steve Little of the Razorbacks was in his usual fine foot, kicking field goals of 52, 44 and 29 yards and averaging 52.3 yards on three punts.

Alon Blackwell ran for three touchdowns and Delrick Brown passed to Willis Adams for two more as Houston knocked off TCU 42-14. The Cougars needed 21 points in the fourth period to lock up the victory. Texas A&M had an even tougher time with SMU, snapping a 21-21 deadlock with a 17-point fourth quarter. Quarterback David Walker made the Aggies 34-21 winners as he ran for 182 yards and connected with Durrell Smith on scoring passes of 30 and 34 yards.

In a showdown between the top two teams in the NAIA's Division I, No. 1 Texas A&I whopped No. 2 Angelo State 35-7.

1. TEXAS (7-0)

2. ARKANSAS (6-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (6-1)

WEST

For the first time in 25 years, Berkeley drew a sellout crowd for an opponent other than Stanford. A total of 76,780 fans showed up and chipped in an extra dollar for each ticket. California was taking on Southern Cal and the game was being played in honor of the late Bear quarterback, Joe Keth, with the added revenue going into a scholarship fund named after him. The emotionally charged Bears led 7-0 at halftime and went on to win 17-14. Although the Trojans ran for 304 yards (164 of them by Charles White), they were repeatedly stymied on third-down plays, converting only four of 17. An 18-yard field goal by Jim Breesch put Cal in front 10-7 in the third period and Quarterback Charlie Young climaxed on an 80-yard drive in the fourth quarter with a one-yard sneak. Safety Anthony Green's first interception set up Cal's first quarter TD, and his second stopped a USC drive in the last minute.

When the score of the Cal upset was flashed on the Coliseum scoreboard in Los Angeles, it seemed to give UCLA a lift. The Bruins had a fourth and one on the Washington 13 and were leading 13-12. They decided to go for the yardage. Halfback Theotis Brown got the key yard and more—a touchdown. That sealed a 20-12 win over the Huskies, whose points all came on four field goals by Steve Robbins.

Stanford and Washington State had an easier time of it. With Guy Benjamin passing for three touchdowns, the Cardinals bumped off Oregon State 26-7. While downing Oregon 56-20, the Cougars gained 603 yards, 377 on the ground and 202 on the passing of Jack Thompson. All of which left Stanford (4-1) in first place in the Pac-8, Washington and USC (both 3-1) tied for second.

High-powered offenses propelled Arizona State and Brigham Young to Western AC wins. The Sun Devils amassed 630 yards as they beat Utah 47-19, with 290 credited to Dennis Spruell, who hit on 12 of 17 passes. Six of the passes were hauled in by John Jefferson, who scored on plays of 61 and 91 yards and gained 180 yards. Arizona State Linebacker Tim Petersen also had some impressive statistics: 11 tackles, one fumble recovery, one interception and a pass deflection. BYU's Marc Wilson was on target with 23 of 43 passes for 334 yards and two touchdowns in the 554-yard attack by the Cougars, who beat Arizona 34-14. The victories left the Sun Devils and Cougars as the WAC's only undefeated teams and set up next week's confrontation between the two in Tempe.

Dan Christopoulos kicked five field goals as Wyoming beat Colorado State 29-13. Christopoulos, who had missed six of eight attempts in previous games this year, made good on kicks of 41, 22, 26, 19 and 62 yards.

Boston College's big gun, Ken Smith, brought down Air Force 36-14, throwing four touchdown passes, three of them to Mike Godbold. Two NAIA Division II teams re-

continued



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named unbeaten, Dakota State (9-0) topping Dakota Wesleyan 21-6 and Linfield (7-0) breezing past Willamette 41-10.

1. CALIFORNIA (6-2)

2. USC (5-3) 3. UCLA (6-3)

MIDWEST Things just hadn't gone right all week for Wisconsin Coach John Jardine. First came the indignity of that photograph in *The Milwaukee Sentinel*. It showed Ohio Stadium and the caption was BADGER GRAVEYARD, a none-too-subtle reminder that Wisconsin had never won in the stadium in its 19 visits in the last 55 years. Then, after Jardine had assembled his team at the stadium for a practice session, he angrily pulled them off the field to protest the antics of local television crews. "This place is a zoo," he growled. And all that was before the game. Actually, Jardine musted, the Badgers were "never more ready."

Ah, but what the Badgers were not ready for was an uncharacteristic visit by the Buckeyes. After Quarterback Rod Gerald's long pass on the first play of the day was deflected at midfield, he came right back with the same call, this time passing to Jim Harrell for a 79-yard touchdown. When the game at the graveyard was over, Ohio State had a 42-0 victory and retained its one-game lead in the Big Ten.

Another quick start through the air came from Michigan in a 23-6 defeat of Iowa. On the game's third play, Rick Leach hit Russell Davis on a broken pass play that the fullback lugged 63 yards down the sideline for a touchdown. Leach wound up with nine completions in 12 passes, good for 202 yards and three scores. His last touchdown pass was the 25th of his career, a Wolverine record.

Freshman Mark Herrmann raised his touchdown pass total to 17, unleashing three as Purdue stopped Northwestern 28-16. Herrmann's 12-for-24 passing netted 183 yards and brought his season total to 2,041. Minnesota, which had shocked Michigan 16-0 the week before, led Indiana 16-13 at the fourth quarter. But the Hoosiers scored 21 points in 8:35 for a 34-22 win, as Indiana's Ric Enis rambled for 207 yards. Michigan State freshman Bruce Reeves, best known as a kickoff-returner, took over at tailback, ran for 119 yards and tallied on three short runs during a 49-20 drubbing of Illinois.

Oklahoma stayed atop the Big Eight by sending Kansas State to its 18th consecutive league loss, 42-7. Fullback Kenny King pounded out 99 yards, and Quarterback Thomas Lott added 96 more and scored three times as the Sooners plowed through the Wildcats for 483 yards.

The week's best tip came from Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne. He had noticed that Oklahoma State's defensive ends backed off from the line whenever the Huskers went into

continued



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a wide formation. Osborne informed Quarterback Tom Sorley, who knew precisely what to do—run the ends. “I’d yell ‘block’ and our guys would know then to block for me,” said Sorley, who got enough blocks to scamper for 55 yards. Sorley also scored a touchdown while guiding Nebraska to a 31-14 victory. Even though the Cowboys keyed on him,

gained more than 100 yards rushing, this time getting 116. Miller also became the fourth major-college player ever to rush for 4,000 career yards.

“I’ve never seen a touchdown run like that by a small back,” Iowa State Coach Earle Bruce said after his team had downed Kansas 41-3. The runner was State’s Dexter Green, a 5’9”, 160-pound halfback, who broke five tackles during the 14-yard scoring play. Green rushed for 149 yards in 26 carries, caught three passes for 18 yards and scored twice. Another standout for the Cyclones was Cornerback Kevin Hart, who made 12 tackles, recovered two fumbles, forced another and broke up three passes.

Coach Al Onofrio was asked if there was a reason why Missouri had been so successful in running to the left against Colorado. “Well, I think you know who our left tackle is,” he said. The player in question was 270-pound James Taylor, recovered sufficiently from a recent knee injury to make the left side the right side for Tiger backs. Two other well-healed players also excelled as the Tigers, down 14-0 in the first period, rallied to beat the Buffaloes 24-14. Quarterback Pete Woods passed for two touchdowns and sneaked over for a third, and Tailback Earl

Gant rambled for 112 yards in 14 carries.

For the record, Notre Dame beat Navy for the 14th straight time. Joe Montana (11 of 24 passes for 260 yards) and Ken MacAfee (five catches for 130 yards) left the Middies awash 43-10.

Miami of Ohio held on to first place in the Mid-American Conference by beating Toledo 27-3, and second-place Central Michigan scored three touchdowns in the final 12 minutes to down Bowling Green 35-28. Western Michigan scored four times in seven minutes to stop Ohio U. 28-22. Three touchdowns and 239 yards rushing by Bobby Wadon enabled Eastern Michigan to defeat independent Akron 42-28. Temple, down 17-7, rallied behind the 11-for-21 passing of sub Quarterback Pat Carey and earned a 17-all deadlock with Cincinnati on Wes Sornsky’s 33-yard field goal with five seconds left.

A 31-20 victory over Indiana State moved West Texas State into a tie for the Missouri Valley Conference lead with Wichita State and New Mexico State. Tennessee Tech remained undefeated in the Ohio Valley Conference, crunching Tennessee State 63-20.

1. OKLAHOMA (7-1)

2. OHIO STATE (7-1) 3. MICHIGAN (7-1)

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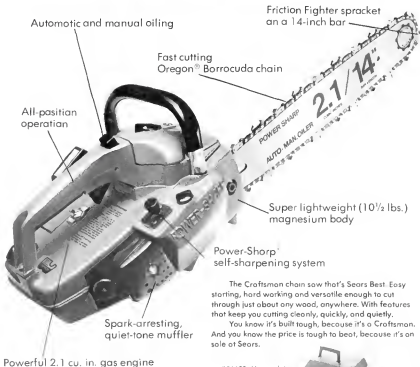
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Found: a place in the sun

If it were not for Los Angeles, the '84 Olympics would have gone begging, but Southern Californians say they can solve all the problems and run a Spartan show

What with the downfall of the Dodgers and Joe Namath, the eulogies for Bing Crosby and routine Southern California agonizing over vanishing water, foul air and new cracks along the San Andreas Fault, it almost happened without anyone noticing: last Monday, as the only city in the world bidding for the 1984 Summer Olympics, Los Angeles won the Games by default. The only formality remaining is for the International Olympic Committee to make it official when it meets next May in Athens.

Now what will be the reaction of Californians—prayer, fear and loathing, dancing on the freeways or public hangings for those responsible? One scarcely need say, after the \$1.5 billion debacle of Montreal in '76 and the terror of Munich in '72, that the awarding of a Summer Olympics brings with it a large and sinister cloud. Nevertheless, the boosters of the Games are reassuring citizens that the XXIII Olympiad will be neat, clean,

efficient and, above all, cheap. Said California's champion of austerity, Governor Jerry Brown, "We are invoking the spirit of Sparta. There will be zero government money spent. Zero." And the mayor of Los Angeles, Tom Bradley, the politician at the spearhead of the Olympic bid, said, "The trend toward astronomical costs will halt here."

Could a tax-free, trouble-free Olympics actually come to pass? Recent history says certainly not, but the optimists of Los Angeles point out that more ancient history tells a different story. In 1932, at the very pit of the Depression, when L.A. was less than half of its present size, the X Olympiad took place there. The Coliseum was built, along with an Olympic Village (first ever and a wonder to behold), various swimming pools, equestrian courses, etc.—the full Olympic panoply. Yet despite the soup kitchens and Grapes of Wrath scenes all over the area, the sponsors of those Games turned a \$1 million profit.

No one is foolish enough to predict a windfall this time, but the backers of the L.A. Games say they are basing their claims of low cost—or, more accurately, no cost—on more than the usual sun-bland California optimism. In their favor is their long experience with that widdy neurotic and consummately political entity, The Olympic Movement. The Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games (SCCOG) was organized in 1939 with an eye to helping other U.S. cities win an Olympics and, eventually, bringing it once again to the City of the Angels. There were a few feints and jabs at getting the Games over the years; then in 1969 L.A. launched a major effort to land the 1976 Olympics. Along with Moscow and Montreal, L.A. mounted a complex and expensive campaign to seduce the arthritic codgers and arrogant aristocrats who make up the membership of the IOC. Thanks to a last-ditch melodrama in which Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau shed tears (as it turned out, most appropriately) before the assembled IOC, neither Moscow nor L.A. was awarded the 1976 Games. For 1980 the SCCOG agreed to play the IOC's straw-man candidate against Moscow in order to make it seem there was a competitive demand for the Olympics. It was strictly a phony, designed to put L.A. in the IOC's good graces for 1984.

As it turned out, good graces had nothing to do with 1984. No one else applied



Proposed sites for events: 1) Sepulveda Basin, 2) Griffith Park, 3) Elysian Park, 4) the Rose Bowl, 5) Santa Anita, 6) Santa Monica College, 7) UCLA, 8) Coliseum, Sports Arena, 9) Olympic Auditorium, 10) East L.A. College, 11) Whittier Narrows, 12) Marine Del Rey, 13) Forum, 14) El Camero College, 15) San Pedro Bay, 16) Long Beach Convention Center, 17) Long Beach Arena

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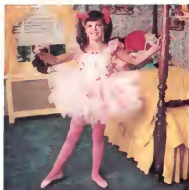




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for the job. The IOC couldn't come up with a rival entry—not even for the sake of appearances. It was pretty demoralizing, but the IOC put a brave face on it. Monique Berthou, director of the IOC's permanent secretariat in Lausanne, went so far last week as to say that if the lone candidate L.A. "fails to satisfy our requirements" the IOC might decide to scrub the 1984 Games. This is balderdash, of course: the IOC badly needs its share of Olympic TV-broadcast rights to underwrite the high style of living its members and staff have grown accustomed to. There is, however, a real question of whether the galloping gigantism of the Olympics might not scare off all bidders in the future. Whether there will be interest in the '88 Games will depend on how things go in Moscow and whether preparations in L.A. still look as Spartan and untroubled as the SCCOG promises.

So far the SCCOG has proved to be about as tight with money as anyone connected with the Olympics has been since the 1930s when the shrewish wife of Baron de Coubertin witheld even his pocket-money allowance. Private sources have raised \$40,000 and the L.A. City Council appropriated \$30,000 to finance the SCCOG bid. When the U.S. Olympic Committee met in Colorado Springs in September to choose between New York and Los Angeles as the American bidder, the L.A. crowd flew there in a no-frills air coach, then used common-carrier bus service instead of a battery of limousines as the New Yorkers did. When Governor Brown suddenly decided to fly to Colorado to lend his charisma and clout to the L.A. bid (as Hugh Carey was doing for New York), he chartered a private jet—then dug into his own pocket to pay his way, as did the two state officials who flew with him. L.A.'s presentation to the USOC consisted of a few Xerox sheets stapled together in the left-hand corner. The packet cost \$1,500. New York came in with a glossy multi-color print offering that cost about \$20,000. The Los Angeles slide presentation was a recycled production from a previous IOC bid, slightly revised at a cost of \$700. In all, New York spent \$300,000 on its trip to Colorado Springs, 10 times as much as L.A.

Of course, a skintight campaign to get the bid is one thing. Something quite different is a full-scale Olympic production—exposed, as it may be, to mad fluctua-

tions of the economy, politics, labor disputes, to say nothing of the inept administration with which recent Olympics have been saddled. To the vast army of cynics that the modern-day Olympics has spawned, all of L.A.'s proclamations of budgetary underkill and super-efficiency seem naive at best, ignorant at worst. And yet . . .

To begin with, sites are already available in L.A. for every one of the 22 sports scheduled for '84, and local Olympic boosters are fond of pointing out that Los Angeles could hold the Games tomorrow if it wanted. The opening and closing ceremonies as well as all track and field events could (and will) be held at the Coliseum (92,500 seats), soccer at the Rose Bowl (100,000), basketball at the Sports Arena (16,000), gymnastics at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion (13,500), boxing and wrestling at the Forum (18,700)—and so on. The press center would be at the Convention Center. The Village is to be built by a private developer and leased by the SCCOG.

The estimated price of new construction for the Olympics is a mere \$33.5 million. This includes a face-lifting of the Coliseum that will cost \$4 million. Included in Coliseum improvements are a new running track, theater-type seats in some areas where there are now benches, new turf, a scoreboard wired for Olympic results and perimeter security installations (walls, fences, TV monitors).

Three major facilities are to be built: a 25,000-seat swimming stadium in Sepulveda Basin for \$15 million, a canal for rowing and canoeing in the Los Angeles River (\$3 million) and a portable wooden velodrome track that could be erected inside one of several existing college stadiums for \$500,000.

In addition to these capital expenses, SCCOG anticipates operating expenses of \$150 million. The budget is \$183,500,000. And, miracle of miracles, receipts are estimated at \$184,250,000. Included in this figure is \$66 million for television rights (Moscow got \$85 million from NBC) and \$74 million in ticket sales (there is already a furor over the average \$25 price SCCOG has quoted for tickets). The L.A. accountants point out that Montreal receipts were \$380 million, so the estimate for 1984 is probably low. And they say that if Olympic coins and medals are sold, and if federal assistance is provided (Lake Placid is getting \$50 million for its 1980 Win-

ter Olympics), \$350 million more could be available.

Nonetheless, there is talk of establishing a permanent "citizens' watchdog" committee over the Olympics as well as holding a referendum that might overturn the best-laid plans. Attorney Peter Scott, whose law partner David Maxner played a key part in the 1972 Colorado referendum that effectively destroyed the 1976 Denver Winter Olympics, heads a loose group of dissidents. "We have serious questions about the projections of revenue and some of the cost items we feel were left out," says Scott. "We fear it is a real possibility this thing could turn into the same fiasco they had in Montreal." City Councilman Ernani Bernards, long a fiscal gadfly, says, "We won't jump into a referendum tomorrow. But soon we'll have to make a judgment about how best to protect the taxpayer."

One of the most enthusiastic backers of the Games—yet notably objective and interestingly philosophical about it all—is Governor Brown. He is a consummate politician and could well be running for President by the time the Los Angeles Olympics begin. He could also, as he said, "be in a monastery by then." Jerry Brown's view of the Games is nicely relaxed, perhaps just a bit Zen.

"These are just games and people should see them for fun," he says. "We want them to be modest, a little exciting. We don't want to have the Olympics for the sake of anything but the Games themselves. People talk about the economic impact. It could actually be negative. Prices could go so high during the Games that they would be a detriment to the economy. The Olympics aren't going to generate many new jobs—nearly everything is built. We aren't doing it for state pride or local morale. There shouldn't be any ulterior motives to the Olympics. They're just games, frivolous things. They're not really necessary. But don't forget, some of the least necessary things in life are the most important. Art, religion, friendship, leisure time, games—they make life worth living. There's enough dreariness and seriousness around without making the Olympics into something they're not. They're to enjoy. Period."

And thus perhaps the spirit of Sparta will join with the soul of Pan in the Los Angeles Games of '84. There could be no better combination—and certainly no better Olympics.

END



Bewildered by a lot of claptrap

Following an inflammatory campaign, Ohioans vote on banning leg-hold traps

Do wild animals have rights? Ask a Newfoundland sealer or those who weep for the baby seals. Ask a Japanese whaler or the housewife on Fifth Avenue picketing Sony and Subaru. Rights? The answer is muddled by different value systems. Now, in Ohio, another battle has been joined. The weapons are a sprinkling of reason and a torrent of trickery. The issue is an amendment to the state constitution concerning the trapping of wild fur-bearing animals, specifically with the leg-hold trap, and whether its use should be allowed. The leg-hold is the only trap that will consistently take fox, Ohio's most valuable animal, whose pelt sells for up to \$42. But its opponents call the trap "a fiendish instrument of torture."

The leg-hold consists of a spring and two smooth steel jaws—teeth are no longer legal—which snap shut when an animal trips a lever between them. Injury is less likely to be caused by the snap-

ping than by the animal's frantic efforts to escape. But an Ohio law requires all traps to be tended at least once every 24 hours. Trappers say animals do not panic that quickly, and they talk of releasing dogs and house cats unharmed. Opponents, though, say the 24-hour law is not enforced, and they talk of finding feet that have been chewed off in desperation, or of skeletons in neglected traps. They suggest the use of the Conibear trap, which kills instantly, though it would not catch foxes and in the larger sizes could kill cats and dogs. But there is no disagreement about the extent of Ohio's trapping industry, whose harvest of 1,108,881 pelts in 1975-76 was second only to Louisiana's 2,258,226.

Last year 50,000 Ohio trappers were paid \$9,917,466 for their furs, an average of almost \$200 per man. Some made upwards of \$2,000, and whether they will continue to do so depends to a large extent on what happens with Issue 2 in the general election on Nov. 8. "Yes" is a vote for the animals. "No" for the trappers. Hanging in the balance is the fate of millions of foxes, raccoon, muskrat, possums and mink, not to mention the earnings of 50,000 trappers.

"Vote yes on Issue 2," say the clever TV spots of humorist-adman Stan Freberg. In one of them, two hunters are walking along a wooded path; one steps over a log into an open leg-hold trap and—snap! The hunter's consternation is adequately depicted, but, of course, the ad does not mention that Ohio law requires all traps to be set away from paths used by humans. It also does not say that the trap shown is a No. 4, which might cause problems to a man, but that any size over No. 2 is illegal in the state.

Freberg's ads concentrate on the trap itself. The opposition assaults the TV audience with visions of rabies epidemics, claiming that hordes of untrapped foxes will outstrip their food supply and become susceptible to the disease. In one ad, Dr. John Ackerman, director of the Ohio Department of Health, warns that rabies in the state will spread, and that parks and playgrounds may have to be closed. Who knows what to believe? A 1973 report of the National Academy of

Sciences distributed by the anti-leg-trap people says that trapping campaigns as a means of rabies control should be abolished, that there is no evidence they reduce the incidence of the disease.

Another pro-trap ad shows a man and woman relaxing on their porch, a peaceful small town scene. There is then a cut to a swarm of rats, and a voice intones, "Vote against the spread of disease." Demagoguery? As the *Cleveland Press* said in its editorial urging a No vote on Issue 2, "The amendment is so imprecisely worded that a person could be hauled into court for setting a mouse-trap." That sounds farfetched, but it may not be; there are animal-welfare people in Ohio who might gladly use a leg trap, a No. 4, if they could find the person who wrote the amendment.

Section 1 reads: "To prohibit any person from using in this state leg-hold traps in the trapping of wild birds or wild four-legged animals (quadrupeds) and also to prohibit any person from using any trapping device in a manner that will cause continued, prolonged suffering to such birds and animals."

As the *Akron Beacon Journal* said in its editorial, "Any trapping device can, in fact, cause continued, prolonged suffering. The trapping people are not raising a false issue when they say the amendment could easily be interpreted as a ban on all trapping."

But the latter part of the amendment is causing even more concern. It reads: "To provide that any person may bring civil action for an injunction to stop a violation and to recover costs and attorney's fees."

This provoked the Ohio State Bar Association to release a statement opposing Issue 2, although it said, "The ... Association takes no position on the moral issue of using leg-hold traps in capturing animals..."

"This section encourages harassment lawsuits. Issue 2, if passed, would award attorney fees only to those who bring suit. No provisions are made for paying costs of defending such lawsuits, even though the defendants may win the case. The possibilities of abuse are endless. Those wishing to harass others could have everything to gain and nothing to lose in bringing suit. This potential weapon is extremely dangerous in a system of justice based on fairness."

The various controversies have cloud-

continued

"It takes Two Fingers and one glass to turn strangers into friends."

Two Fingers was never one to pass up making a new friend — be it man or woman.

"After all, my business is selling Two Fingers Tequila," he often told customers.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the 30's.

Sometimes, our sources say, he got too friendly for the likes of Honey, the woman who always accompanied him north of the border.

We could never pin the story down for sure about how Two Fingers lost those fingers. But Honey was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Of course, Two Fingers is reported to have said just the opposite about their relationship.

"I take her along to keep an eye on her," he grinned to a Flagstaff hotel man.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of time to keep track of each other on the dozens of trips Two Fingers made throughout the mid and late 30's.

The only trouble is, nobody seems to know what happened to them after 1939.

Two Fingers just stopped coming north. Maybe he moved to South America. A cafe owner in Yuma told us Two Fingers often joked about owning some land there.

"Maybe I'll show the South Americans what they're missing. Like making fine tequila."

It's hard to say where he disappeared to. The one good thing is that Two Fingers Tequila is still making plenty of friends today.



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San Francisco, CA Tequila 80 Proof.
Product of Mexico.



How to throw a perfect pass

by Fran Tarkenton

Crack the whip.

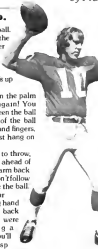
You've just thrown the ball. Is your thumb pointing at the sky? Wrong! You'll never throw a good pass that way. As you release the ball, your hand should rotate so your thumb ends up pointing at the ground.

Do you hold the ball in the palm of your hand? Wrong again! You should see daylight between the ball and your palm. Control of the ball comes from your thumb and fingers. (If your hand is small, just hang on the best way you can.)

As you cock your arm to throw, push your other arm out ahead of you. Then pull that other arm back strongly as you throw. Don't follow through after you release the ball.



Flick your throwing hand out and back like you were cracking a whip. You'll get a crisp release that snaps the ball away at a good velocity.



Wipe out half the field.

I don't try to read an entire coverage. It's impossible. Nobody's got that kind of peripheral vision. My system is to read one or two men.

On a lot of patterns, I'll read the middle linebacker. Or the free safety. As soon as I get the snap of the ball, they're committed one way or the other. Their movement tells me where I'm going to go, which half of the field I should concentrate on.

I don't care if the defensive back falls down on the other side, and one of my guys is jumping up and down, waving for a touchdown pass, there's no way I'm going to see him. I've already wiped that half of the field out of my mind.



Everybody's a primary receiver.

There is no such thing as a secondary receiver. Everybody starts out as a primary receiver. I might have five guys out there in the pattern. How can I be sure which of those five guys I'm going to throw to when the defense has maybe twelve different coverages it can run? The way the defense revolves is what dictates who my receiver is going to be.

It takes study—and good coaching—for a quarterback to learn who are the one or two people to read on each pass pattern. Read the right men, and they'll tell you who your primary receiver is.



I play for the fun of it.

I love to play football as much as anything in the world. Even after all these years, I could be making millions of dollars a year outside of football, and I'd still play.

The most meaningful thing for me isn't winning this game or that championship. It's the struggle, the hope of getting to someplace. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't... just like life. But you're using all the resources within yourself—combined with the resources of 42 other guys—to try and reach a goal.

And that is the fun of football.

Give yourself every little edge.

One of the smartest things I ever did, back when I was in New York, was start wearing Puma®—the shoe with the big stripe on each side. Those little suction cups gave me great traction...it's the best feel of any shoe I've ever worn on artificial turf. And I've experimented with them all.

I wear Puma on grass as well. I find they give me the support I need—a quarterback hits very hard on his back foot when he sets up. And their lightness makes me quicker. Or at least it makes me think I'm quicker.

Should you wear Puma? Look, I don't want to go telling you how to spend your money. But I'll tell you this: if you're looking for every little edge you can find, then a top shoe like Puma is worth every penny it costs.



PUMA

You've
earned your stripe

ed the issue, which is a pity, because it is fundamental and profound. Are wild animals to be treated as individuals, with kindness, or as a resource to be harvested, like corn? The trappers are not cruel men. They love their dogs. But their concern is for the welfare of animal populations and not with Rocky Raccoon or Alvin Chipmunk. That is what has come out of numerous debates, such as one held recently in the Cleveland suburb of Avon Lake. The speakers might as well have addressed each other in Greek.

Speaking for Issue 2 was Bill Brown, a 53-year-old NASA research engineer. In 1975 he had tried unsuccessfully to get a leg-trap bill through the Ohio legislature, one of whose members asked him, "Do animals feel pain?" Because Ohio is one of 23 states whose constitution can be amended by petition, he took that route this year. The International Fund for Animal Welfare (the group fighting the baby harp seal hunt in Newfoundland), of which Brown is a member, contributed \$350,000 to the pe-

tition drive and campaign, and Brown and his wife Carol led the drive, getting the required 420,000 signatures. Now, in the Avon Lake United Church of Christ hall, Brown was saying, "If we win, fox trappers will lose some money, but it will encourage the invention of more humane traps. And we will be extending the pity and compassion we give to domestic animals to wild animals."

Clyde Summerer, a state wildlife biologist, did not respond to Brown's statement. "These animals," he said, "are not endangered in Ohio. But their natural enemies are gone, the large predators. The alternative to trapping is crowded habitats, starvation and disease."

Brown replied, "I have found no scientific evidence that trapping is necessary to control populations. But I represent the cause of individual animals. They feel pain. Someone has to consider that, and I object to calling the killing of animals a harvest. It makes them sound like grains of corn."

Summerer responded, "I see no rea-

son why people shouldn't profit from trapping," thus—considering what had been passing for debate in Ohio—putting the logic of both sides on the line.

In the days following the debate, the campaign began heating up. One pro-trapping group distributed flyers from an organization called Kindness In Nature's Defense, one of which observed that "mosquitoes are part of nature's plan," and urged its readers not to kill them. Another said, "If you know people who just won't give up fishing even when you tell them it's not right to kill anything 'just for fun,' ask them to use artificial flies instead of living worms, which have feelings, too."

These, obviously, were scare tactics designed to link the Kindness Organization to the anti-leg-trap people and to convince a wary electorate that if Issue 2 were to pass, fishing and hunting would be the next to go. The election was fast approaching. The voters of Ohio deserved less inflammatory material with which to make up their minds. **ENB**

EVEN IF YOU WERE BORN WITH THIN HAIR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT.



Now there's ManeStay™. It's unique acid-balanced body builder by RK. ManeStay gives thin, fine hair natural-feeling body and shine instantly. Just apply ManeStay to towel-dry hair. Hair appears thicker, shinier yet still moves naturally.

ManeStay builds body without leaving any build-up, thanks to an invisible network of five flexible polymers. This network actually surrounds and supports each strand. Without leaving a dull film or a dry coating that flakes.

Where can you find ManeStay? At select barber styling salons that sell RK. That's because we feel that scientific products like ours can best be recommended by a licensed hairstylist. Check your Yellow Pages Telephone Directory for barber styling salons that have the RK logo. Then, try ManeStay. And enjoy body so natural you'd swear you were born with it.



RK AT KNOWLEDGEABLE BARBER STYLING SALONS.

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Walt Frazier was the idol of New York Knick fans until the last two seasons, when the affair soured. Now he has a new home, if not yet a house, in Cleveland

Clyde, laughing Cavalier



Back in the Garden again, Clyde puts on a show

The night brought back memories. The 19,694 in Madison Square Garden, the first capacity crowd since the Knicks' championship year of 1973, worked itself into a lather as the game seersawed through the fourth quarter and into overtime. Then, right on cue, Walt Frazier—"Clyde"—did his patented last-minute clutch number, just as he so often had. When his team's six-point lead suddenly shrank to three with 1:50 left, Frazier took the ball upcourt and went straight for the basket, spinning in a layup, drawing a foul and covering the free throw for a three-point play. Then, just to make certain, he leaped up on defense and deflected a pass to a teammate, and as the final seconds ticked away, raised his fists in triumph and grinned broadly. The crowd went wild. Another classic Frazier finish.

Except that for the first time in 11 seasons at the Garden, Frazier was dressed in an enemy uniform, and his vintage game—28 points, eight rebounds, five steals, four assists—produced a 117-112 victory for his new team, the Cleveland Cavaliers, over the New York Knicks, whom he had helped win NBA championships in 1970 and 1973. Seventeen days earlier the Knicks had sent the quintessential New Yorker off to Cleveland as compensation for signing 28-year-old free-agent Guard Jim Clemons.

Before the game Frazier admitted having butterflies—uncharacteristic for the original Mr. Cool. "I never thought to check when I'd be coming back to play in New York," he said. "I had no idea it would be this soon until I got a letter from a friend that said 'See you next week.' I thought, 'Wow, I'm not ready for that yet.'" The seven-time All-Star, once the cynosure of all New York, or so it seemed, had heard boos in the

Garden in the past two non-winning, non-playoff seasons, and he was not sure how the crowd would greet him. But even before his name was called in the introductions, the cheers swelled to a deafening pitch, and Frazier got a three-minute standing ovation. The cheers, the attention and then the game left Frazier ecstatic.

"I thought the ovation would go on all night," he said afterward. "Tonight I was the greatest. They still love me."

After the game Clyde's fans and friends filled his old haunts—Harry M's, P. J. Clarke's, Maxwell's Plum—waiting for Clyde to come celebrating, as he always had after a triumph. But this night Frazier was no more than a visitor to the city. After talking to reporters for nearly two hours he went straight to the apartment he still keeps on East 57th Street and—exhausted and alone—went to bed.

The next morning, as he was sauntering through LaGuardia Airport to catch the plane back to Cleveland, a man approached him and asked facetiously, "Aren't you Reggie Jackson?"

Frazier laughed. "Today I am." Then he caught himself. "But I'm not a New Yorker. I'm a Clevelander."

He had with him half a dozen pieces of baggage, filled with whatever items from his legendary wardrobe he had been able to stuff into them. "Just casual things," he said. "Leathers, slacks, shirts, some shoes. No suits. And two furs, for when it snows. I want to be ready."

Left behind in New York: the burgundy-and-beige 1965 Rolls-Royce, which was being overhauled ("I wasn't sure how good the service would be out there," he said), the famous round bed with the \$3,500 mark spread, the pool table, the closetsful of clothes, not to mention the \$150,000 seven-room, five-bath 45th-floor co-op apartment.

Until he finds something to replace that layout, Frazier is living with Cavalier Center Jim Chones, his wife Elores and their 16-month-old daughter Kareeda in a four-bedroom split level in suburban Beachwood, 25 minutes from the Coliseum, which itself is some 25 miles

continued

WHAT'S REALLY GETTING HIGH HERE IS THE COST OF HEALTH CARE.

Nobody in the world over-indulges like we Americans do.

We drink too much. We eat too much. We smoke too much. We work too hard. And hardly ever relax or exercise enough.

Of course, everyone knows this isn't very healthy. Yet we do it anyway.

We figure America's doctors, hospitals and medical technology are the world's best. If we get sick, we'll be fixed up in no time.

What we don't figure is how much our behavior is costing all of us in health care.

Naturally, it's not just the individual's fault. There's more involved in the high cost of health care than people not taking care of themselves.

Inflation, for example. And the fact that health care is just plain better.

But all of us — doctors, hospitals, Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, and individuals — have to work together to hold down these costs.

Many Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, working with doctors and hospitals across the country, have introduced a number of programs designed to slow down rising health care costs.

Programs like outpatient lab tests; quicker discharge from the hospital; surgery on an "in by nine, out by five" basis. And more. As well as programs to promote health education and physical fitness.

With more than 90 million subscribers, not-for-profit Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans have good reason to want to hold costs down.

But the simple fact is that if we're going to be successful, everybody needs to help.



If we all take better care of ourselves, we're going to need less health care. And this will slow down the rise in health care costs.

We're not asking you to stop enjoying life.

Just to take better care of yourself.

Don't overeat, don't over-smoke, don't overwork.

And if you're going to drink to someone's health, don't overdo it.

For a free booklet, "Food and Fitness," or for information on how your company can view a special film, "You Can't Buy Health," write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680.



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ALL OF US HELPING EACH OF US.

southeast of Cleveland in the town of Richfield. Chones, who barely knew Frazier, rescued him after three nights in a Holiday Inn.

Such gestures, plus the respect shown him by the young Cavaliers and Coach Bill Fitch, have made Frazier feel wanted for the first time in two years. Relaxing at the Choneses a couple of days after the game against the Knicks, he talked about his circumstances, accepting them without complaint but still not understanding the Garden boss or why the New York press had made him the whipping boy for the Knicks' failures.

"I guess the cool image started working against me," he finally said. "When we won, people said, 'Frazier's cool, he never shows emotion.' When we lost, they said, 'Look at Frazier, he doesn't care.' The whole team changed into a group of individuals. I was the star, so I got the blame." Frazier laughed. "I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't."

The problems began two seasons ago when Frazier missed 23 games with various injuries. "It was mind blowing," he said. "I was down and out and every time I picked up the paper I saw 'The Knicks are 4-1 without Clyde.'" Upon his return Frazier became almost reclusive, practicing yoga at home, changing his diet to include predominantly fruits and salads laced with wheat germ oil and powdered calcium, eating meat only on game days. Since then, he maintains, his mind and body have never been better conditioned.

But his once idyllic relationship with the press began to deteriorate. Last February he lost his starting job temporarily, then resigned the team captaincy. Reporters, fans even his own teammates felt that he was sulking. "The way I play, it sometimes looks like I'm loafing," said Frazier, "but I want to win. I was unhappy, but it was because I was forced into keeping quiet. That's not me."

In training camp this season with the Knicks, Frazier was in shape and performing well. But on the day it was announced that Frazier was going to Cleveland, his backcourt mate Earl Monroe acknowledged that it was probably best for the team. "Maybe it isn't good for the rookies to have him around," said Monroe. "Maybe they should get rid of me, too."

There is no lingering bitterness on Frazier's part. "It was a perfect marriage,"

he says. "They got two championships and I got fame and fortune. What more could I do in New York?"

A senior team official did not feel so bad either. "We should have gotten rid of Frazier two years ago," he said. "If we still had him, we'd be the same team we were last year." The Knicks wanted to move Frazier badly enough to agree to assist Cleveland in paying his \$400,000 annual salary for the next three years—that in addition to paying Clemons \$275,000 a year.

The way things have worked out delights Fitch. "In my opinion Frazier is one of the five best guards ever to play the game," he says. "The worst that can happen is that Frazier will never beat me again. He is perfect for our game, which is a setup offense and team defense, the way the Knicks were. I have no doubts about him. You look at a classic Rolls-Royce with lots of miles on it and you know it doesn't want to be put away in a garage. He's my Rolls-Royce, and I think you'll see him rolling with the best for a long time yet."

Fitch says the first time Frazier practiced with the team "my assistant and I walked away feeling like we'd been to a coaching clinic. He showed everything he can do. Everything." Frazier's role is to steady the young Cavs and take charge in crucial spots, just as he did in the game at New York. Fourth-year Guard Foots Walker is the ball handler—"I like that," says Frazier, "anybody gives me the ball I give it to Foots"—while Clyde takes his man low and shoots off picks set by forwards Campy Russell and Jim Brewer, using his classic hanging-in-the-air pullup jumpers.

He hit 19 points a game in the Cavs' first six games, right around his career average, playing just under 38 minutes. He will take points away from veterans shooting Guard Austin Carr and swingman Bingo Smith but his passing will probably mean more points for Russell, now hitting at a 22.3 clip. So far everyone is glad to have Frazier, and Fitch is convinced that he, Fitch, is a genius.

Not that the way has been totally smooth. "I hope I prove Fitch right," Frazier said before Thursday's game against Kansas City. But that night he made Fitch look like a dunce as the Cavs staggered through a 119-104 whipping by the Kings. Frazier's shooting was off in the first half, and in one 17-second stretch he committed two sloppy fouls. Fitch had

to sit him down. In the second half Frazier scored 11 points but was repeatedly buried on defense.

"Frazier looked like walking death to night," said Fitch. "If he went out to night he'd get mugged. By a one-armed cripple." But two nights later against Boston he was the old Clyde again, giving the Coliseum folks a 22-point show as the Cavs knocked off the Celtics 103-98.

By week's end Frazier still had hardly seen anything of Ohio except for the Coliseum, the airport and Chones' house. He had not been anywhere near a night-spot or downtown Cleveland. Such time as he had, he spent house hunting. "People in New York make Cleveland out to be Siberia," he was saying. "but I'm going to like it here. When I think about it, what is there in New York to miss? The traffic? The concrete? The hassles? The cost of living and the taxes are lower here. I'll save money. And I'm a different Clyde now. I'm not the guy who's into night-clubs every night. I like being by myself I'm into nature now."

An attractive real-estate agent took him on a dizzying tour of houses and condominiums in suburbs like Beachwood, Shaker Heights, Lyndhurst and Pepper Pike, all of which are at least 25 minutes from the Coliseum and 45 from the airport. "But right near the freeway," she kept saying. "I can see I'm going to have to get me a chauffeur," said Frazier. She showed him a \$150,000 ranch house. "Couldn't get half my furniture in there," he said. Then another, on a one-acre tract. "I thought I'd be able to get some land, have some room. Man, 150 grand in Cleveland and this is all you get?" She suggested he might want to look at Senator Howard Metzenbaum's palatial home, a steal at \$550,000. "Three years. That's how long I plan to be here. Not a lifetime," said Frazier. Finally he looked at one of the area's plushiest condominiums. "No closets," he said. "In New York I have a dozen closets. Couldn't get the room bed through the door." He was still smiling.

"Ah, but look at the view," she said, ushering him to a window overlooking magnificent red- and golden-hued rolling woods.

"You call that a view?" said Frazier. "I'm used to looking out on the greatest city in the world."

"Wa-ah," said the woman a trifle impatiently. "This is not New York."

"I'm hip," said Clyde.

END

The Tareyton Low tars

Flavor improved by charcoal filtration.

Charcoal filtration freshens the air in the U.S. Navy's atomic submarines and NASA's spacecraft. Charcoal filtration mellows the taste of the finest Bourbons. Charcoal filtration mellows and freshens the taste of Tareyton lights.



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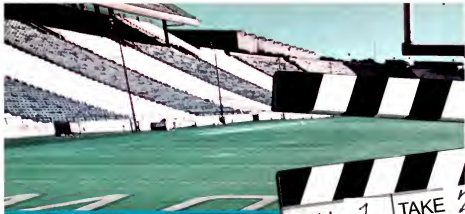
You get full menthol flavor, low tar and an easy draw with Tareyton low tar menthol. The exclusive dual white filter does it. Its dual action cuts tar while giving you the fresh, cool taste of natural menthol.



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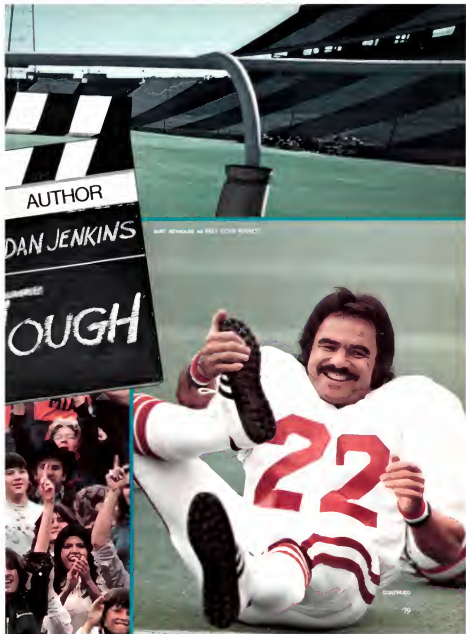
KNS KRISTOFFERSON AS SHANE TELLER

ROLL 1 TAKE 1

The writer of the best-selling pro football novel watches with dismay and reluctant admiration as Hollywood transforms his book into a movie

SEM





BURT REYNOLDS AS BILL DAUTERIVE

CONTINUED

It all began with a piece of paper in a typewriter and a man staring rather helplessly at it, wondering where a character in a novel named Billy Clyde Puckett was going after the first paragraph. Now, for the perpetrator of *Semi-Tough*—me—it has sort of semi-ended with Billy Clyde crawling into the mind and body of Burt Reynolds and having a few more of those escapades that were never really intended for the enjoyment of priests, grandmothers and Wellington Mara, anyway. Plus, he collides with a Hollywood Super Bowl. Of the many fun-loving things that old Burt does in the movie, some of which are even taken from the book, one is to zigzag his way to a touchdown on a play that a script girl labeled “117 apple, 28 frame.” I guess that sets the tone of this for you.

On second thought, forget what I said just then; it is not entirely fair to the hundreds of people who worked so hard for several months to get the movie made, no thanks to the National Football League, incidentally. I did not mean to start out sounding like a precious critic, the kind who lets 2,000 members of a film company spend a year in the Sahara and then tells them that their movie is a flop because it wasn't done in Czechoslovakia with subtitles.

In fact, I am compelled for a moment to forget what I personally think about the film's faithfulness to my Great Amer-



Kristofferson, who played for Ponca, swears a pass

ican Literary Classic, which so stunned the world that people publicly burned their Tolstoy's because he never mentioned the San Diego Chargers. And I must pause right here to say that with the filming of *Semi-Tough*, Hollywood at least has finally made a football movie in which the quarterback does not get kidnapped from the malt shop to return for the big game only after Bonita Granville runs all the way from Flirtation Walk to Annapolis and speaks privately to the statue of Tecumseh.

When the shooting of *Semi-Tough* started last winter, I was happy enough simply to learn that it was still going to be about pro football and had not become the story of these two crazy, zingy pi-

rates who get shipwrecked on Lake Michigan and wind up doing musical comedy in Green Bay.

On the contrary, I threw a victory party when I first heard that Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson were going to be the leading men. To me, it was inspired casting. Burt Reynolds was Billy Clyde Puckett, the running back, and Kris Kristofferson was Shake Teller, the split end. Assuming they could have acted as well, Butch Gifford and Sundance Meredith could not have been any better choices for the parts.

But maybe I'm getting ahead of myself. I want to talk about the whole experience. I have a perfect right to do it,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEFER



The film's Super Bowl festivities include an interview by NBC's Dick Scheep with Reynolds and rival player Carl Weathers



Pro football verisimilitude is aided by the presence of ex-NFL Quarterback Joe Kapp as a teammate of Shake and Billy Clyde

after all. The novel has terrorized my life for the past five years. So I will start off with...

THE BOOK

The title had been in my head forever. *Sema* is an all-purpose word in my part of Texas, and it would be pronounced "sem-eye" at most truck stops. Correct usage: "I'm semi-hungry, Momma." While I always knew that I would call a book *Sema-Tough* someday, it never crossed my mind that the subject would be football. On the other hand, it was too late for me to take my portable typewriter and parachute into France with the 82nd Airborne. For the past 25 years I had been busily engaged in the TCU and Notre Dame and Cotton Bowl press boxes, as well as a hundred others.

I wrote the book for calisthenics, just to see if I could write a semi-novel. Billy Clyde Puckett told the story for me, in the Texas idiom we both grew up with. It contained a generous amount of raunchy language because that is how I have heard most athletes talk. You don't hear "ah, heck" too often in the locker room or on the sidelines. You don't hear it too often in the movie, either, by the way. It's a "hard R," as they say around the Beverly Hills fettuccine.

The story was a little less complicated than *The Brothers Karamazov*. These two guys and this girl grow up together in Texas, see, and the guys are high school and col-



Reynolds, who played at Florida State, scores a TD

lege heroes who become pro heroes, and the girl, who is merely wonderful, has always been in love with both of them because nobody else ever had a sense of humor—especially her father, who is every rich oilman I ever encountered. They all wind up in the Super Bowl, and the girl winds up with one of the guys, but everybody winds up happy. The end.

I naturally had my little inside jokes. The guys play for the New York Giants, who haven't won a championship since coffee was a nickel. The Giants meet the Jets in the Super Bowl. Pete Rozelle is no longer the NFL commissioner. He's a senator. The Giants are owned by an ad agency. The Jets are owned by two brothers from

Newark who have occasionally been indicted. None of this has much to do with what happens in the bedrooms, which was another concession to the truth, as I know it, where athletes are concerned. A lot of bedrooms.

So, anyhow, somebody decides to give me \$37.85 to publish the book. I expect to sell three copies, provided my wife buys one. But all of a sudden it gets embraced by the choreographers of the best-seller lists, who are evidently charmed by all those Texas expressions I did not invent, and all of a sudden William Styron is saying hello to me. And just as suddenly I am on Carson, Cavett and Griffin, being introduced as a sportswriter who will say anything

continued



Director Ritchie, with whom the author did not always agree, tells Reynolds and Kristofferson how a play should be run



Richard Marx is the business manager, Jill Clayburgh the girl, and Robert Preston the bustling owner of the team

So I have a few cocktails before "air," and I leave the audiences in confused silence with my views on sport—i.e., ice hockey needs a 500-pound puck, baseball could use more third basemen getting hit in the face with line drives, tennis not only shows us which player's shirt fits the worst but who has the dirtiest hair, automobile racing is four huge tares with a little guy in a helmet trying to climb out before he burns to death, you have to feel sorry for thoroughbred owners because they can't take their pets indoors, the only thing worse than track is field, and the main thing an Olympics proves is which teen-age Communist does the best handspring. At one point, a man connected with *The Tonight Show* said, "Next time, let Johnny do the lines."

Fans of the novel, who are known to outnumber the population of Wink, Texas, keep asking who all of the characters really are. At first I would say, "Well, Jake Barnes is Mickey Rooney, and Daisy Buchanan is Martha Nell Burch, who got kicked out of Tri Delta." I was never any good at literary chitchat, primarily, I suspect, because I don't have a beard and don't know who Carlos Castaneda is.

The characters were generally composites—when they weren't either me or my closest friend, Bud Shrake, who is also a writer and a rogue. I would never deny to Frank Gifford, Don Meredith, Sonny Jurgensen, Tucker Fredrickson and Doug Atkins that they were in and out of the book at times; but then so were the thoughts behind many of Kristofferson's songs and the style with which Reynolds deals with film-type women and talk-show duties. I always felt that if Billy Clyde ever grew up, he would be Burt Reynolds. During the shooting, Burt said, "I'm getting very possessive of Billy Clyde but I probably won't win an Academy Award. I haven't had a tracheotomy."

At any rate, in the midst of all the commotion about the novel, and just as I was getting ready to buy a smoking jacket and invite Alexander Solzhenitsyn over for chess, I got a telephone call from David Merrick. Which brings up . . .

THE MUSICAL

I have a confession. I did not think David Merrick's idea—to make *Semi-Tough* into a musical comedy for Broadway—was absurd. Somehow, I thought, it had a chance to be the

Damn Yankees of professional football. So when David Merrick went ahead and bought the stage and screen rights to the novel, I started working on my acceptance speech for the Tony award.

But several problems soon developed with the Broadway idea. One was Merrick's giving me the opportunity to write the libretto, even though I had said, "I can't sing." Another was me suggesting constantly that it ought to be the first country and Western musical. Merrick would look at me as if I had said Cole Porter couldn't write a limerick. Friends

kept telling us that we ought to forget about the musical and do it as a movie, ostensibly because it seemed to them impossible to envision a performer standing on the stage at the Winter Garden and singing a ballad taken from a line in the novel, one of the team's favorite pass plays, "Niggers Go Long."

This prompts an aside: One of the nicest things that happened to me in connection with the book is a letter I received one day from Alex Haley, who was then pretty busy himself working on *Roots*. Haley understood, as did every black I ever met who read *Semi-Tough*, that such seemingly scurrilous material was in fact anti-racist, if it was anything other than a true reflection of the unphony way that athletes live, laugh and love together.

But back to Broadway. I remember the day in Merrick's office when the musical idea came down with multiple sclerosis. For me, anyhow. It was the day we were to hear the first four songs that were produced by this moderately

successful song-writing team, two guys whose names I will not use as a favor to their close friends and kin. I had begun to worry when one of them, several weeks earlier, handed me a newspaper clipping about Evel Knievel, saying he thought it would be valuable to me in trying to write the libretto, which is the "book" for a musical. I had found out. But now here they are at the piano in Merrick's office. Frankly, all I remember about one of the songs is that it had something to do with either apples or acorns, and being homesick. And I never really listened to one other song after the lyricist introduced it with the explanation that Billy Jack Puckett and the leading lady were going to be singing it to each other while they roller-skated through Bloomington.



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Later, David Merrick said, "I think we'd better make a movie."

Well, if that was the case, then what was needed was . . .

THE SCRIPT

The screenplay was originally taken on by Ring Lardner Jr., a man whose work (*M'A'S'H*, *The Cincinnati Kid*, character (endured blacklisting) and brother (John, the best sportswriter who ever lived) I admired tremendously. I also basically liked his first draft. He cleared the gigantic burden of taking the story out of first person. And he added the one character I would like most to have thought up myself—an Iron Curtain, soccer-style placekicker who speaks only through an interpreter. This touch of Ring Jr.'s has stayed in the completed film, even though it had become time for the project to take on that most powerful of all forces known to mankind . . .

THE DIRECTOR

who knows more about life, death, divorce, laughter, sorrow, money, even pro football, than anybody else in the world, and who usually wants a new script because he has just overheard something relevant to the project on a tennis court or at a consciousness seminar.

Nobody knows how you get to be a director. It just happens. But once you get to be one, you know what people want to see in a movie theater a lot better than people do, especially writers, actors and producers. There is the old story of a writer trying to talk Sam Goldwyn into letting him direct a film. "You're a writer, not a director," Goldwyn said. "But Frank Capra, John Ford, King Vidor, they all had to start somewhere," the man said. And Goldwyn said, "Don't you believe it!"

Only the public will decide whether Michael Ritchie was a wise choice as the director of *Semi-Tough*. He had certainly made movies I enjoyed and laughed hard at—*The Candidate*, *Smile, Bad News Bears*. And against considerable odds, he did get this movie done. It was Michael Ritchie who persuaded Kristofferson to be in the film. It was Ritchie who knew that Jill Clayburgh was an actress with enough depth and class to play the role of Barbara Jane Bookman and say all of those unprintable words, making them seem natural and almost downright charming. It was Ritchie who had to stage all of the football action in three different stadiums and make it appear real—it does—even though the NFL, with the exception of Miami owner Joe Robbie (bless him), refused to cooperate with the movie. It was Ritchie whose overall casting was fairly brilliant. I must say, when it came to some of the lesser roles out of the novel, Richard Masur, who is trying to live down being Brenda's boyfriend in *Rhoda*, is a suitably oily business manager. Carl Weathers, the Apollo Creed of *Rocky*, is a perfect Dreamer Tatum. And you would never guess that a couple of professional actors—Brian Dennehy as T. J. Lambert, and Roger E. Mosley as Puddin' Patterson—had not stepped right out of somebody's interior line.

It was Ritchie who hired Tom Fears to see to it that all of the "players," whether they were athletes or not, looked like, acted like, spoke like and moved around like pros. It

was Ritchie who told Fears to tell the guys that they would get a line of dialogue if they hit Reynolds or Kristofferson particularly hard on a play, all the better for reality.

It was Ritchie who cast an old friend of mine, Norman Alden, as *The Coach*, having appreciated a story Norm told him during his audition. It was a story those familiar with TCU's onetime coach, Abe Martin, had often enjoyed.

To put it as descriptively as possible, Abe, with his crumpled brown suit and cigar stub, was folksy. During a game against Rice back in the 1950s, I was standing near Abe on the TCU sideline when he summoned a player off the bench to make a defensive substitution.

"Tommy," Abe said, putting his arm around the kid's shoulder. "I want you to look at that. They wearin' old Billy out with that end sweep. I want you to go out there and stop that sweep for me."

"I'll try, Coach," the kid said eagerly.

"Sit down, Tommy," Abe said, removing his arm from the player's shoulder. "Billy's tryin'."

But for all of this, along with the clever selection of some old Gene Autry recordings as the theme music—it works—Michael Ritchie is also a fellow who went to Harvard (uh-oh), lives near San Francisco (trouble), had read a book called *Powers of the Mind* (more trouble), had also read something about the late H. L. Hunt crawling around on the floor for his health and spirit (big trouble), and something else about how a Philadelphia hockey player scored five goals after holding his stick under a magic icon for 15 minutes (monumental trouble).

It was with such notions in his head, plus the proximity of his home to a hotbed of the consciousness movement, plus his feeling that the stars, Burt, Kris and Jill, would not be convincing as 28-year-olds, that he ordered a new script from a new writer. *Semi-Tough* had to be updated, he said to Walter Bernstein (*The Front*), who took on the job of doing the screenplay Ritchie wanted.

In reference to the new script, which I once hurled against the wall of my office, pretending I was Irwin Shaw reading the TV pilot for *Rich Man, Poor Man*, Ritchie said, "The screenplay naturally has to transcend the episodic nature of the book. All we've done is take a relationship hinted at in the final pages and expanded on it. Think of it as a few years later in the lives of your characters."

I told Michael Ritchie I would do that just as soon as I stopped thinking of it as a movie that could have been about pro football instead of a movie about the consciousness movement. But I also told him he was a semi-jerms for figuring out how to work around.

THE NFL

Informers tell me that the men most opposed to cooperating with the making of the movie were the old NFL owners, who still have more to say about the running of Pete Rozelle and the league than the AFL gentlemen who once paid six hundred billion dollars for the privilege of joining their club. Wellington Mara, I heard, was more adamant about it than anyone. If that is true, then I find his posture even more amusing because the Giants once drafted Joe Don Looney No. 1, if I can be cryptic.

continued

It is probably unfair to lump all of these names together for the sake of a gag, but I can't resist the temptation to say that the sport that gave you Bobby Layne, Joe Namath, Doug Atkins, Max McGee, Sonny Jurgensen, Ernie Holmes, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Joe Gilliam, Warren Wells, W. K. Hicks, Bill Kalmer, Mack Herron, Randy Crowder, Ken Stabler, Lance Rentzel, Jan Brown, Duane Thomas, Pete Gent, Dave Meggysy, George Atkinson, Alex Karras and Paul Hornung, among others, refused to have anything to do with a movie in which people were going to do nothing more harmful than use naughty words and discuss the economy with ladies on barstools.

"Some of those people just can't take a joke," said Miami's Joe Robbie, who, to his everlasting credit as far as I'm concerned, arranged for the film company to use the Orange Bowl—and whatever else it needed that the Dolphins might be able to provide.

Joe Robbie had also cooperated with another film, *Black Sunday*, but so had the NFL itself, even though it was aware that the film was generally about some maniacs in a blimp who were going to blow up the Orange Bowl on Super Sunday.

Not so long ago, in a moment of rare brilliance, I said to Joe Robbie that I supposed what this meant was that the NFL was in favor of terrorism but was taking a rigid stand against humor. Joe grinned, having come from the AFL, of course.

The problems created for the movie by the NFL's lack of enthusiasm for my book were immense. They had something, but not everything, to do with some of the changes in the story as well as a few traces of authenticity that moviegoers may find missing.

Billy Clyde Puckett and Shake Tiller were not about to be allowed to keep playing for the Giants, obviously, because of Wellington Mara. For a while, it looked as if they might play for the Rams' Carroll Rosenbloom, but then General Manager Don Klosterman read the script and saw how Michael Ritchie had ordered the owner depicted. Foolish, sort of. That's what Klosterman thought. I privately wondered how you could make an NFL owner look more foolish than he does himself. Anyway, for the sake of "tidying up the plot," or whatever they call it, the team owner in the movie has now become Barbara Jane's father, Big Ed Bookman. Ideally, I would have wanted John Connally in that role. The film has Robert Preston. And I wouldn't call him foolish any more than I would call him a believable Texan. I would just say that he's The Music Man posing through Dallas.

The team the heroes wind up playing for is Miami—because of Joe Robbie—except the team is owned by a Texan. So Burt and Kris live in Miami instead of New York. And as long as Miami goes to the Super Bowl, the opponent might as well be Dallas instead of the Jets, especially because Ritchie has managed to get the use of the Cotton Bowl for his own game action, along with some footage of the crowd at the 1976 Texas-OU game.

Mind you, these are not the Miami Dolphins and the Dallas Cowboys. They are just Miami and Dallas. Talk about your No-Name defense—and offense. Nor could the teams

wear uniforms that remotely resembled the Dolphins' and Cowboys'. NFL law. Burt and Kris' team is adorned in all white with dark red trim. Carl Weathers' team wears bright red with white trim. The same thing happened to the two playoff opponents, Green Bay and Denver, that Miami must face. Green Bay looks vaguely like Baylor in 1938 and Denver looks strangely influenced by the burnt orange of the Texas Longhorns.

You may ask, as I did, how it is possible for Miami of the American Conference to find itself in a *playoff* game against Green Bay of the National Conference. It happened essentially because the director wanted to shoot some foul-weather football action. Burt and Kris getting buried in the mud, and all that. A scene on that road trip was also important to the film. It is an interlude in a bar where Burt makes a move on a sleaze, who is wonderfully played by an actress named Mary Jo Catlett.

But in an attempt to rescue the film from what I considered to be a minor, but nevertheless horrifying, technical oversight, I said to Ritchie, "There are foul-weather cities in the American Conference, too. Make it Buffalo or Cleveland, what's the difference?"

He only smiled and said, "Let's say there's been a realignment."

I was instantly struck by a line I had heard or read somewhere in the past: "There would never have been World War II if somebody had let Hitler direct movies."

But it seems I have moved us into what was...

THE ACTUAL SHOOTING

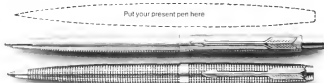
As a location, Dallas was sometimes Miami, and Long Beach, Calif. was sometimes Dallas, Green Bay and Denver, and, in a pure Hollywood upset, Miami was occasionally Miami.

The crew started out in Dallas and stayed there for roughly a month during January and February. For one huge and vital party scene that was supposed to take place outdoors around a swimming pool at Big Ed Bookman's mansion in Miami, somebody found a place in Rendon, Texas, near Dallas, which belonged to a couple named Bill and Bobbie Walker, who raise quarter horses. Almost before they knew it, Bill and Bobbie Walker not only had Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, Robert Preston and David Merrick in their living rooms for several days, they also had an incredible tangle of cables, lights, cameras, brute arcs, athletes and starlets milling around the premises—to say nothing of hundreds of people trying to climb their fences. To ensure that Rendon, Texas would look like Miami, the film company painted the Walkers' lawn green and brought in palm trees. But not even Michael Ritchie could do anything about the 20° weather. That no one shakes to death or exhales frost during the party scene, especially the bikini-clad starlets, seems a bit remarkable to me.

It is around the pool that Reynolds delivers one of his better lines. His own, by the way, one of many he made up, all of them good, all of them in keeping with the spirit and flavor of the novel. At the pool we find Burt, Kris and Jill casually observing bikinis, and referring back to a girl-rating system of their college days. Kris thinks he may have spotted

continued

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SEMITOUGH *continued*

ted a Nine, the nearest thing to perfection Jill claims to be a Ten. No way, according to the guys.

Jill: "In college, you said Emily Kirkland was a Ten."

Burt: "No. I said Emily Kirkland and her sister together were a Ten."

This brings me to an example of what an author of a book can find terribly annoying and then discovers it has no effect on a theater audience. In the novel, a One was the best, not a Ten. It was based on who's No. 1 in college football. And No. 1 was considered the best on record charts, best-seller lists, top 10 grossers, etc. I asked Michael Ritchie, "If a Ten is the best, what's an Eleven?"

"Good question," he said. "I've heard it both ways. One to ten, and ten to one. I think it's something we can't win either way."

"So why not go with the book?"

"This is the movie," he said, smiling as usual.

When everybody moved to the Cotton Bowl for a whole week's shooting of the football sequences, Tom Fears had his gladiators ready. When Reynolds and Kristofferson found out who had been recruited, they didn't worry so much about the aches and bruises they were bound to accumulate; they worried mostly about embarrassing themselves in front of the pros, although Burt had played football in high school in Georgia and at Florida State, and Kris had played in high school in Texas and at Pomona College. Still, it had been a while.

Among the modest group that Fears had trained to simulate serious football mayhem without damaging a \$1 million halfback or split end from good old United Artists Tech, there were: Too Tall Jones, Tom Henderson, Burton Lawless, Bill Gregory, Herb Scott and Tom Rufferty from the Cowboys; Steve Kiner, Zeke Moore, C. L. Whittington and Don Hardeman from the Oilers; Tim Guy from Tampa Bay; Louie Kelcher from the Chargers; Bud Magnum from the Chiefs; Jeff Sevenson from the Cardinals; all sorts of laborers from the Canadian League; any number of Fears' old chums from the World Football League; and Joe Kapp from the Supreme Court.

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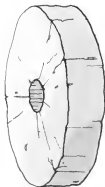
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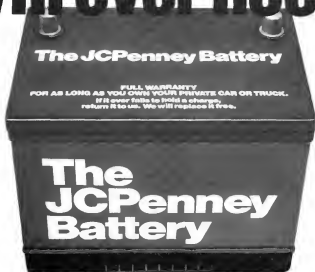
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Long Beach, is to have Reynolds and Kristofferson on hand. At times, Burt also had Chris Evert, Sally Field or Tammy Wynette on hand, but not many spectators realized it. In any event, if you start with Burt and Kris, you've more than likely assured yourself of 5,000 screamers. But then you have to give away things to get the other 15,000 you need in order for a skilled cameraman to make it seem like a game between somebody other than the *Itasca* Wampus Cats and the Hutto Hippoes.

In Dallas, the rounding-up process involved enlisting the aid of charities and merchants, distributing leaflets, running radio spots and newspaper ads, recruiting some of the Cowboys' cheerleaders and, for a possible clincher, announcing that a man named A. J. Bakunas would attempt a world-record jump from a helicopter onto an air mattress, and that another man named Marcus Graves would dangle upside down under a helicopter 1,300 feet above the stadium and wriggle out of handcuffs, thumbcuffs and a straitjacket.

The stunts were performed but everyone was looking for Burt and Kris at the time, and I'm not sure if anyone present can tell you today if Bakunas and Graves are still alive.

The truth is, I found an ad in the newspapers to be more fascinating than almost anything United Artists may be held responsible for in the movie. Part of the ad was devoted to instructing the spectator on what to do at a football game in Texas.

While I have shortened it somewhat, the ad said:

"Just wear what you would normally to a game but bring an extra bulky coat to fill another seat. You can also bring cameras, binoculars and stadium seats.

"But if you really want to get noticed, well, there are a few tricks to catch the cameraman's eye.

"Just as in a real football game, cameras tend to focus on the ardent fan who is cheering wildly, the pretty blonde in a skanky T shirt despite sub-zero weather, the fan with a funny homemade poster or the exhibitionist who has two pennants waving from the top of his hat made of recycled beer cans."

You surely can't tell it from the final print but a major difficulty in shooting the game action was that at first many of

the pros could not bring themselves to take a real shot at Burt or Kris, who insisted on running their own plays. In the beginning, Reynolds could have been Maureen Stapleton and still gained substantial yardage off tackle.

Of all people, the most timid pro was the Cowboys' Tom Henderson, who is only one of the most vicious headhunters in the league. Henderson has brought a new dimension to hitting at outside linebacker, but he couldn't hit Reynolds or Kristofferson. One afternoon Reynolds said, "Good thing he's saving himself for the season. These pans of mine. Churn you to ashes."

On the various locations, almost everybody wore T shirts that said SEMITOUGH on the front and MANY THANKS, BLRT REYNOLDS on the back. Reynolds had them made and gave them away by the gross. They were mainly meant for the athletes, whom he claims to admire more than actors.

"Pro football players are very aware people," Reynolds said. "I identify with them. They're not dumb. They have a sense of humor. When I say to Too Tall Jones, who could plant me in the ground if he wanted to, 'Good morning, Too Tall, nice day, isn't it? We haven't met, I'm Shirley Temple,' he can laugh."

When Reynolds and Kristofferson finally did begin to collect some licks, they did not lose their senses of humor. At times, it may not have been easy. Kris kept going up for passes in traffic and coming down with broken fingers and charley horses. But he would say, "I guess I ain't no cardboard cutout, after all."

Kristofferson would also say, "The great thing about football players is they have a great sense of their unimportance. They know the first thing that goes is your legs, the next thing that goes is your reflexes, and the next thing to go are your friends."

One of the interesting things about talking to Kristofferson is that you get to hear rather frequently, if unintentionally, the making of another song: Play E6, honey. *The Next Thing to Go Are Your Friends*.

This is not, however, what my wife said was the best thing about talking to Kristofferson. After we visited with him on the set one day, she said, "His eyes are the color that Elizabeth Taylor's are supposed to be."

I guess there are women who might also be relieved to know that up close, when it comes to sex appeal, Burt Reynolds is no package of dried fruit. And he is as rapid and charming in person, relaxing, as he seems to so many on TV or in films.

Only a Reynolds could dig himself out of a muddy pileup of players on a watered-down, carefully slimed field in Long Beach, having been hammered repeatedly on the same 10-yard run, take after take, and then come to the sideline and say, "That AstroTurf really bubbles up, doesn't it. Hello I'm Al Pacino. I live in a loft."

Well, shortly thereafter, the shooting was finally over, leaving only Michael Ritchie's editing, and

THE RESULT

Is *Semi-Tough* a funny movie? At times, very. Especially if you haven't read the book or never cared for it. As Kristofferson said, "We made *Son of Semu*, is what we did."

Will it offend anyone? Not grown-ups. Will it embarrass the NFL? I don't know. How many people in the NFL are into it?

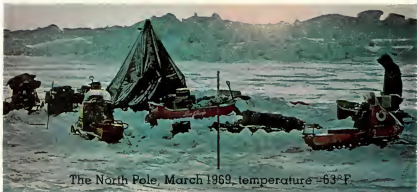
Do Reynolds and Kristofferson take off their shirts? Once each.

What do I think of the whole journey? Mainly, I discovered that people like Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, Michael Ritchie and David Merrick would be well worth knowing, regardless of their professions. In being continually sensitive to my feelings about the project, David Merrick gets my own personal Oscar in the category of Producer-Writer Relationship.

But as the author of the book, am I not disappointed with the screen version? Well, I never heard of an author who wasn't, including those who wrote the scripts themselves. But Burt Reynolds' portrayal of Billy Clyde certainly eases the pain.

What the film of *Semi-Tough* actually does is remind me of a conversation I had with a group of movie junkies. The discussion got around to which movie was more faithful to the novel than any movie all of us had ever seen. The consensus was *Gone with the Wind*.

"That's right," somebody said. "In *Gone with the Wind* they only left out two of Scarlett's children."



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR CHRISTMAS.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

SERIES REFLECTIONS

Sir:

Your World Series cover photograph (Oct. 24) was a triple play.

MICHAEL G. HUISKO
Norwalk, Calif.

Sir:

In the sixth game, Reggie Jackson stood tall among baseball's immortals. An absolutely stupendous performance!

WALTER A. WHITE
Oakland

Sir:

The only performance better than Reggie Jackson's in Game 6 was Linda Ronstadt's before Game 3.

WARREN P. ROGERS
Lexington, Ky.

Sir:

Regarding Pearl Bailey's record-length rendition of the national anthem before the Series opener (*The Good Guys Against the Bad Guys*, Oct. 24), I didn't think she was "turning this way and that" so the 56,668 Yankee Stadium spectators [could] observe every nuance of her performance." On the contrary, I think she was just turning while waiting for the P.A. system echo.

SUE SEARS
Los Angeles

Sir:

It would take all the mustard in the U.S. to cover Reggie Jackson, but there is not enough mustard in all the wide world to cover Pearl Bailey.

JOHNIE LOGGIDICI
Arma, Kans.

Sir:

The Los Angeles Dodgers are becoming the Minnesota Vikings of major league baseball. Since 1965, they have lost the World Series 4-0 to Baltimore, 4-1 to Oakland and 4-2 to New York. It seems that Dodger blue fades slightly in the fall classic.

JIM HUEBLER JR.
Baltimore

Sir:

I found it appalling when the Yankee Stadium message board announced World Series attendance for a specific game and then added that Yankee fans are "the greatest in the world."

JEFF OLCKERSON
Warren, Ore.

Sir:

Someone must have left the cages unlocked at the Bronx Zoo, because all the animals escaped and fled into Yankee Stadium.

DAVID O'BRIEN
Syracuse, N.Y.

THROUGH TV'S LENS

Sir:

William Leggett hit the nail right on the head (TV/RADIO, Oct. 24). ABC's coverage of the World Series was so bad I could not watch more than a couple of innings at a time. As for Howard Cosell, perhaps the best crack was one I saw printed in the Springfield (Mass.) *Daily News*: "Cosell once called baseball too dull and during the World Series he did his best to personally make it so."

MICHAEL CEBULA
Ware, Mass.

Sir:

Bravo William Leggett! Even though Joe Garagiola and Tony Kubek are TV sports announcing's most sickening twosomes, they could not cloud NBC's excellent camera work during the playoffs. One wonders how much longer ABC's *Roone Arledge* will continue to stuff Horrible Howard down the American public's throat.

LARRY READ
Mansfield, Ohio

Sir:

I had the TV on with the sound turned off. I listened to the games on AM radio. That way I missed the grating sound of Howard Cosell. I thought everyone did this. I do the same thing for *Monday Night Football*.

I. M. ELLIS
Oullas

Sir:

The only good thing to be said about ABC's World Series coverage was that for two glorious weeks Howard Cosell was not on *Monday Night Football*.

THOMAS HARLEY
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article slighted both ABC and Howard Cosell. For a long time my good wife "couldn't stand" Cosell. Then came Mia Lillian, who said she didn't like him either. Well, I like him! He has done a lot for sports that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has seen fit to downgrade. Carry on, Howard.

JAKE SEITZMAN
Canton, Ohio

Sir:

You failed to mention Keith Jackson. He, too, deserves a lot of credit for missing things up.

KEVIN LEWIS
Pocahontas, Pa.

Sir:

I think I have it figured out. We should work out a trade between ABC and NBC, sending major league baseball back to the superior troops of Garagiola, Kubek *et al.*, while

returning the Olympic telecast to ABC, where it really belongs. Then we will all be happy.

PAUL R. TURNER
Bloomington, Ind.

NOT SO BAD NEWS BARNES

Sir:

I enjoyed John Papanek's article on Marvin Barnes (*This Time the News is Good*, Oct. 24). However, I must point out one significant error. Barnes did not settle the \$1.5 million damage suit with Larry Kettivirtu. A jury awarded \$10,000 to Kettivirtu for compensatory damages (medical bills, etc.). The jury made no award for punitive damages.

One final point: this was the only one of Barnes' trials to be carried to a jury verdict—and that verdict shows that perhaps the public and the media have been too quick to judge this man.

MIKE CAREY
Boston

ONE MORE FOR THE 3-4

Sir:

The article *Say Hello to the Fearsome Threesome* (Oct. 17) caught my eye because the St. Barnabas 7th- and 8th-grade team in Southwest Philadelphia, the team I play for, uses the 3-4 defense. I play linebacker and I must say that our linebackers are in on about 85% of the tackles. But our front three are very good. They usually make the initial hit. We started using this defensive attack long before it became popular, so we have just about perfected it. You can add St. Barnabas to your undefeated list because we are now 7-0 and haven't lost a game (preseason, regular season or postseason) in two years. I think our head coach, Mike Hiner, is going to stick with the 3-4.

MIKE HOBAN
Philadelphia

HIPP POINTER

Sir:

Nebraska has a publicity man's dream in I. M. Hipp (*I.M. the Wonder Walk-On*, Oct. 24). In addition to his obvious talents and catchy name, Hipp can be the first college runner to have an entire offense named after him. Just wait until next year when Nebraska's version of the washbone—"the Hippbone"—starts to dominate college football.

ELLS ANMUTH
Philadelphia

THE KNEE

Sir:

As a veteran of three knee operations, I was especially interested in William Oscar Johnson's article describing the various types of knee trauma and the ways in which that joint, so vital to athletic participation, can

As I Did It

by DAN LEVIN

A FISH STORY IN WHICH THEY DIDN'T ALL GET AWAY, THEY DIDN'T EVEN SHOW UP

I own as much fishing tackle as the population of a small city, and I travel around the country a lot, so I get to use it in the kinds of places you see on the covers of *Field & Stream*. But what happened to me last year should not happen to a barefoot boy with a willow stick and a bent pin. Whole rivers and bays full of fish seemed to disappear when I showed up. I got marooned on an island. Storms crashed down on me from bulky skies. And in Virginia, while wading in the Smith River, I suddenly stepped from knee-deep water into a hole so cavernous that it may be the secret passage to the Orient that Columbus never found.

I was fishing for a giant brown trout with the nickname of Old Granddaddy. My guide, a 40-year-old furniture-company executive named Harmon Harms, had hooked Old Granddaddy twice and lost him in the boiling currents both times. He estimated the fish's weight at 18 pounds. But now Harms had a plan. Instead of standing on the shore, he would join Old Granddaddy in the drink, putting himself at the mercy of the river. "I can hang on to enough branches on the shore so as not to drown," he said.

I went to the Smith because the Virginia record for brown trout had been broken there three times the previous summer. The last fish, 14 pounds and six ounces, had been caught by a friend of Harms', and together in a period of only four years on the Smith they had caught more than 200 trout of more than five pounds. That kind of fishing was supposed to be gone from this country forever. To fish with Harms would be a sure thing for almost anyone. But if Balboa himself had come back last year and taken me to see the Pacific Ocean, it would have vanished. That is what happened to the trout of the Smith River when I arrived.

Of course, there was a reason. The Smith comes out from beneath the dam that forms the Philpott Reservoir. Philpott is full of gizzard shad that are

maimed or killed as the water passes through the dam's turbines. They float down the river, and the trout are like hogs at a trough. But I turned up—and the shad turned off, because the sluiceways of the dam were closed. Harms did not catch a trout of more than three pounds for months thereafter. He should be more careful about whom he fishes with. As for me, when I emerged from the hole in the river bottom coughing and spitting, I reached for a handhold on a rock and all but shook hands with a copperhead that was sunning itself there.

Seven months later, hands steady again, I found myself on the shores of North Carolina's Pamlico Sound. It was supposedly full of large red drum, otherwise known as channel bass. Waiting for me was a soul mate of Harms', Ernie Hudson of Oriental, N.C., one of the first men to go after drums with rod and reel in Pamlico. He and a friend had caught more than 400 of them, some weighing as much as 57 pounds.

The first day's run was a bone-rattling 12 miles through rough open water to Point of Marsh at the mouth of the Neuse River, a mile and a half from an Air Force bombing range. A publicist for the state of North Carolina had made it a three-man expedition, and we bailed 18 hooks with squad, cast them out and laid the rods and reels in a row along 200 yards of sod bank. The six rods per man increased our chances for a big drum, but tiny snapper bluefish kept stealing the bait and we had to scurry around, constantly checking the hooks. We looked like people caught in a bombing raid, and then we almost were. Jet planes crisscrossed overhead, screaming past to their target, and I asked, "Is it legal for us to be here?"

"Don't worry," the publicist replied. "We can't get a ticket. The worst thing that can happen is you might get your leg blown off."

What did happen were the second- and third-worst things. No one caught a red drum, and when it was time to go, Ernie Hudson's engine was as dead as the squid in his pail. It looked like a long night in the cold. A search for firewood ended 10 feet inland in shad-deep ooze. There was no place to lie down, and off to the side numerous large creatures slithered around in the reeds. Our rescue by a Coast Guard boat was hardly a blessing. The 14 m tow back to Oriental took five hours against the tide

and wind. Along the way we were lashed by a downpour that fell from what seemed to be starry skies. The logical next move was to the airport.

But there were two days of fishing left. Hudson phoned commercial fishermen all around the sound, and they told him, "No drum." He became embarrassed. He blamed the weather, the netters, himself. He did not suspect my influence. I began figuring the value of my fishing tackle. It was depressing that I had invested so much. Maybe I would sell it all and buy a set of golf clubs. Several sets.

The summer passed, and I did not go fishing. I even avoided seafood restaurants. But with fall came an invitation to go after landlocked salmon in the St. Croix River at the Maine-New Brunswick border.

"Will I catch a salmon?" I asked my host, a man of 50 who has fished the river all his life.

He said, "If you don't catch six a day, I'll eat my reel."

For three days I all but wore a groove in the river with my casting. I knew the salmon should have been lying where the riffles flattened out to meet the pools, but I did not raise one. No one on the river did, and everyone knew why. The fall had been so warm that the water was not cool enough for spawning yet. Or it had been so dry that the water was too low. DDT was in the food chain, or PCBs were in the water. A local guide feared that the Canadians across the lake had set out nets. There were craters of the moon and the sun. I had another theory. I was actually Joe Brispik, the man in the *Li'l Abner* comic strip with the cloud over his head, who brings rain and ruin wherever he goes.

A week later I was telling friends about my miserable luck and one asked, "So why do you go fishing?"

"Why does he go?" another replied. "Have you looked at his face when he talks about it? Does he look unhappy?"

At that moment I thought of Virginia, North Carolina and Maine, of the frustration and mishaps, which seemed humorous now, and of the good things—the pungent mossy smell of the Smith River, how every minute of watching those 18 rods on Pamlico Sound had been full of anticipation, the St. Croix River with its deep shadowy pools.

"I go fishing because I like to think about it," I said, and a beatific smile came over my face.

END

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LAKELAND 

fail (*This Strange and Perilous Joint*, Oct. 24). It appears that Johnson did extensive research in the area, but I must take issue with his description of the arthrogram as a relatively painless experience. Painless in comparison to what? Having a large needle inserted into one's knee, and then having liquid dye and air forced into the joint (followed by a series of movements designed to allow the physician to observe the various structures within the joint) is not a pleasant experience. Compared to the agony of surgery, an arthrogram is relatively painless, but it is certainly not something I would look forward to going through again. Following Johnson's reasoning, being punched out by Ken Norton or Earnie Shavers would be relatively painless—compared to being run over by a loaded dump truck.

ROY L. RICHTER
Montgomery City, Mo

Sir:

Congratulations for revealing one aspect of athletics that has been neglected: medical care. William Oscar Johnson and the orthopedic surgeons whom he quoted provided us with a most informative article. Maybe now general managers, athletic directors and coaches will take notice and review the quality of medical care that they are responsible for providing their athletes.

One member of the medical team was not mentioned, namely, the physical therapist. No, we are not the people who just fit you for crutches after an operation. The American Physical Therapy Association has a section on sports medicine whose membership has grown impressively during the past four years.

CRAIG KLOS
Milwaukee

Sir:

I am a senior in high school who hasn't played football for the past two years because of five knee injuries and one knee operation. I sometimes wonder about the wisdom of my decision not to play any more football, but Johnson's article has removed all doubts.

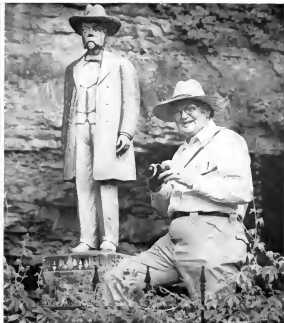
BRENT HEYENMAN
Beavercreek, Ohio

Sir:

I read William Oscar Johnson's article while stroking the full-length cast on my right leg (the result of a recent triple ligament tear that required surgery) and thinking about my future.

As far as the article goes, I learned almost as much from Johnson as I did from the orthopedist who put my knee back together. In fact, I found more useful information on the knee in the SI article than in any I had read while trying to research the subject in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Regarding my future, Johnson's article has given me another incentive to try to get my leg back to "normal." I'm not a professional athlete, but I intend to work every bit as hard



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19TH HOLE continued

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LEROY BUCHHEIT
Savannah

Sir

It is malpractice for William Oscar Johnson to write, and for you to publish, a comprehensive article on knees that dismisses arthroscopy in two paragraphs and ignores arthroscopic meniscectomy. Dr. Richard O'Connor of West Covina, Calif., is revolutionizing knee surgery by routinely taking out torn cartilages with an arthroscope, substantially reducing pain, disability time and expense, as compared to a conventional meniscectomy.

ROBERT W. CARSON, M.D.
Salt Lake City

• For an appreciation of Dr. O'Connor's work, see *SCOREBOARD*, Nov. 24, 1975.—ED

GENTLE BILL

Sir

Thank you very much for Kenny Moore's perceptive portrait of Bill Rodgers (*A Gentle Radical Who Runs Scared*, Oct. 24). Moore's story captured perfectly the mild, innocent quality of Rodgers' character. As I read the article, I recalled an incident at this year's Virginia 10-Miler road race. After receiving his winner's prize and acknowledging the applause of the lesser runners who followed him across the finish line, Rodgers moved quietly off to the side. A throng of admirers soon crowded around him, but in the midst of the tumult Rodgers spotted a young runner of perhaps 10 whom he apparently recognized. Inquiring as to how the boy had fared in the race, Rodgers showed genuine pleasure that the youngster had bettered his previous best time. Practically unnoticed, he also removed the number from his jersey and presented it to the boy. The gesture was made with little fanfare, yet it revealed Rodgers' character. One knew it was the highlight of the day not only for the boy, but also for anyone who glimpsed the exchange.

JOHN TIDWELL
Richmond

Sir

Bill Rodgers' current position as the top road race-marathoner in the world was cemented with his big repeat victory in the New York City Marathon the next week (*Bill Rodgers Took Manhattan*, Oct. 31).

Incidentally, the Rodgers-Frank Shorter duels have become somewhat one-sided of late. Since September of last year the two have competed nine times according to my count, with the standings now reading Rodgers 8, Shorter 1.

BILL ROBERTSON
Lynn, Mass.

NOMINATIONS

Sir

The American College Dictionary defines a sportsman as "one who exhibits qualities es-

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19TH HOLE

pecially esteemed by those who engage in sports, such as, fairness, self-control etc. If you intend to select one man as Sportsman of the Year 1977 who truly fits this definition, I would like to nominate Willie McCovey. Your piece in the May 2 issue (*IFB Come Home to You, Sam! Willie*) was prophetic. Not only did McCovey play regularly and hit the ball consistently but he was also a great drawing card at home and on the road. When given "a day" on Sept. 18, he fitly won the game with a two-out single in the bottom of the ninth, driving in Derrel Thomas to break a 2-2 tie with the Cincinnati Reds. During the course of his day, he received about 10 minutes' worth of standing ovations from appreciative fans.

RIK STEER
Emeryville, Calif.

Sir
Think of what Baltimore Oriole Manager Earl Weaver accomplished with all the odds against him.

TIM QUINN
Yardley, Pa.

Sir
Rodney Cline Carew
HENRY ELLIS BECK II
St. Paul

Sir
George Foster
JIM KIRBY
Merrimack, N.H.

Sir
Low Brock
FRANK W. ZWYGART III
Florence, Mo.

Sir
Since he certainly doesn't own his professional sports teams for the profit motive, and in view of his victory in the America's Cup, we nominate Ted Turner.

CHELSEA ALSON
GREG PORTER
ELLIOTT POTTER
RUDY TULIN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir
I hope that serious thought will be given to the one big winner in 1977 who was also able to put it all in perspective—indeed, whose whole career has been one of putting it all in perspective. Al McGuire.

H. R. WILDE
Madison, Wis.

Sir
Arnold (Red) Auerbach
MATT O'DONNELL
Sherborn, Mass.

Sir
Julius Erving
J. K. MANGIN
Yuma, Ariz.

Sir
No one but Pete
JAMES R. ROGERS
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir
Channel swimmer Cindy Nicholas
KIRBY KONGARI
Yuma, Ariz.

Sir
TERRY AUSTIN
PAUL SWANN
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir
Naki Landa
TONY ROMA
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Sir
Richard Potts
JIM IRWIN
Laurel, Md.

Sir
A. J. FOST
GARY SCHULTZ
Bloomington, Ill.

Sir
Steve Cauthen
MILES ROBERT KEELLEY
BILL BRADLEY
Richmond, Va.

Sir
Jack Nicklaus
RON CHINSEY
Columbus, Ohio.

Sir
Tom Watson
BOB KLUGEN
Lima, Ohio.

Sir
Al Gerberger
GARY F. KEPHART
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir
Alberto Juarez
TYLER FIRTH
Hamilton, Ontario.

UNTANGLED ROOTS

Sir
Andrew Sparks's letter (Oct. 10) on the old St. Louis Browns contains a historical error. The Browns were represented in the American Association each and every year of that league's existence (1882-91), and they subsequently joined the National League in 1892.

The St. Louis Maroons of the National League (1885-86) were originally a member of the old Union Association, the third major league in operation in 1884. The Maroons won the Union pennant that year, which was the only year that circuit existed. The club joined the National League in 1885 following the collapse of the Union Association.

Therefore, in 1885 and 1886, St. Louis was represented by two teams, the Browns and the Maroons.

JOHN W. WRAGG
Claremont, Fla.

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